

The Prodigal Son

Chapter One

My parents divorced a long time ago. Since my father was basically just a sperm donor to his three offspring, nothing really changed after he left. My older brother was the golden boy. After graduating high school, he joined the Marines. I'm proud to say he's still a member of the Corps. My sister was the nerd. Graduating valedictorian, she received a scholarship to an Ivy League college.

That left the role of fuck-up for me. A role I excelled too well at. At age 14, the State had to step in and off I went to what is now called DFY -- the Division for Youth, informally known as 'Reform School'. Having experienced this wonderland, there wasn't any reforming happening and the only schooling was how to commit better scams, hustles, and crimes. The guards claimed, "It teaches you what to expect for your eventual entry into adult prisons."

After surviving 30 months of a 48-month sentence, I was released due to 'good behavior' [this meant I refrained from

getting caught assaulting anyone for 60 days straight]. During my sojourn, I learned to become a Lone Wolf. The irony being that as a kid, I got nicknamed Dinkleberry for constantly tagging along with the older, less-than-honorable kids of my neighborhood. Eventually, my nickname was shortened to just Dink.

Upon my release, my isolation continued. At home, my brother and sister were gone. In the neighborhood, most kids either avoided me or were assholes.

"How'd it feel to get butt-fucked?" or "How'd you like getting gang-raped?" they'd ask, as if this was the funniest joke they ever told. In a flash, I'd spit a razor into my hand, a trick reform school had taught me. I'd shut them by probing, "How'd you like to taste my steel?"

To this fun was the fact that part of my release conditions was a 7pm curfew. Supposedly, it was to help keep me stay on the straight and narrow. But honestly, I viewed it as a trap -- that

they hoped I'd eventually get frustrated and say, "Fuck it." Then bang, I would be violated.

Being 16 my reward for violating would be a 1-way trip to an adult state prison. If this sounds a bit paranoid, then accept the fact that upon first meeting my probation officer she offered to make a wager on how long I'd last until she, "had the pleasure of locking me up." She picked the date of my 17th birthday, which was 8 months away -- fucking cunt! I fuckin' hated her.

Besides remaining an anal virgin, my biggest accomplishment at DFY was receiving my GED. This proved handy since after my release my high school wanted nothing to do with me; nor did any college or university.

Knowing that to succeed I needed more schooling, I enrolled at the local community college. They didn't seem too thrilled at having to accept me, but their open enrollment policy forced them to. Am I being paranoid? Since I was 16 and applying, the admissions counselor demanded to see my

GED. Upon presenting a document that proudly announces, "awarded through the auspices of the Division for Youth", this sent her scurrying to her supervisor's office. As I watched, more people were called into the supervisor's office, until six people were huddled in there. It was both frustrating and belittling.

Eventually, she returned asking if I was willing to meet with the Dean of Admissions. I readily agreed and I gotta admit, the Dean was a straight-up class act. I explained to him my role in robbing multiple pharmacies for their narcotics; how we got caught and that now I'm trying to move on. In time, the Dean became my rabbi at school.

Having a GED, I discovered did not mean I was college ready. I had to begin by taking a bunch of prep classes before I could even start the entry-level courses. Usually, I was the youngest student in these classes by 20 years. Most of the students were adults returning to school after a long time. And if you think, "Oh cool, maybe some of the moms took him under the wing and taught him the ropes" -- fat chance! They treated me as a leper to be avoided, or a wolf in the sheep pasture to be wary

of. The men were even worse, as they'd puff up their chests and tried to act tough. Give me a break! I just simply focused on my studies.

Mom was surprisingly supportive of my efforts. She pushed me not to let the barriers thrown in front of me discourage me. Before my sojourn, my relationship with mom could be described, at best, as distant. Now an adult in the eyes of the law and in maturity, mom and I began to develop a bond. Until I got my driver's license, she would drive me to or from school as our schedules allowed. Mom would help me with my homework, and I realized she was pretty damn smart. (Being the head of the accounting department of a regional supermarket, she should be. Yet as kids, do we ever think are parents are anything but idiots?) Besides running circles around me in math, mom gladly volunteered to help with my other subjects too.

From this, we began having many insightful conversations, with topics such as: politics, world events, economic policies, and the role of religion. Mom taught me that to 'question authority' didn't mean to be a blockhead; instead it meant

don't just accept the dogma of the main stream. I began reading about libertarianism for fun; about the differences between socialism, capitalism, and other economics systems. Although I no longer partook in it, I began studying about the legalization movement and started supporting it. Not as a reason to get high, but as a human and civil rights issue.

As time went by, mom and I got to really know each other. I wouldn't say we became friends, but we certainly became comfortable with each other. As nerdy as this may sound, for my 18th birthday we attended a political rally for a libertarian presidential hopeful.

After two and half years at the community college, I graduated. With the Dean of Admissions help, I was able to transfer to the nearby State University, pursuing my Bachelor's degree.

Trapped at home every night, first by a curfew, then my course load, I noticed mom almost never went out on a date. Seriously, I think she went on two dates in 3 years. Yet I also

realized that mom was hot. Not hot for a 46-year-old woman but just simply hot.

And so one seemingly ordinary evening, I sat on mom's bed as she spoke about her day. This had become a somewhat regular routine, where she would babble on about work as she got ready to take a shower. Tonight, her rambling was about how a sale for one product was not producing the results expected; and a concern about the raising prices for fresh vegetables, and if it could be offset somewhere else. Really exciting stuff, huh?

As mom was discussing these things, she stood before her dresser, getting ready to change from her work attire and take a shower. I always admired how nice she dressed and longed to watch her shed her clothes. First to come off was her dark charcoal blazer, with white lace trim along the collar. Beneath that mom wore a thin white satin blouse that was pinstriped and semi-sheer. Sitting about five feet behind her, I could just see traces of her white bra. Mom pulled her blouse from her skirt and began unbuttoning it.

As she removed her blouse, mom casually talked to me about different sales options they might try. Do you think I paid attention to that? I was busy drinking in the sight on the mirror of her ponderous boobs. Could Mom be completely unaware that I was drinking in the sight of her tremendous 38D boobs? I had wondered this many times, as she had tormented my inflamed cock with her seemingly oblivious undressing before me.

My cock throbbed seeing mom in a white bra that was attractive but reveled nothing. It was layered with rows of small white clamshell lace, each row building upon the former row. In the middle of the two large cups was a white triangle with a quilted white flower embroidered onto it. My eagle eye vision also noted that the middle hovered about a half inch from her breastbone. Her magnificent globes were too proud to be held back, bulging from their container. I noticed how her bra had wide shoulder pads at the top, and squeezed in her body around her sides. 'Oh, if I could be that bra!' I dreamed.

"Davis, can you unzip me?" Entranced as I was, it took me a moment to realize that mom called to me asking for me to unzip her matching charcoal shirt. I walked up behind her, and had to quickly, subtly shift my raging boner. I was pitching a tent that pushed out from my loose gym shorts about three inches. I couldn't have bumping up against that, could I?

Timorously, I reached for the buttoned flap that covered the top of the skirt's zipper. This was because it lay on the top of the upswell of mom's rump, and mom's bare back flesh was right there! Of course, the button fought me. I placed my other hand on mom's hip, ultra-conscious of how perfectly her hip fit within my grasp. Tugging, I got that button to release but not before I got to watch mom sway with my tugs.

The zipper was more accommodating, it simply unzipped its few inches without any protest, V'ing open about four inches at the top. Reveled was the top of mom's sheer black pantyhose. Now open, mom's skirt seemed to defy gravity as it remained in place, this was because of the sweet swell of mom's hips. Still, I stared at this feat.

"Would you?" she asked. From previous experience, I knew she meant for me push down her skirt. She seemed blissfully naïve of my rampant, raging lust. I placed my other hand on her hip, and in an easy motion her skirt slipped off the smooth nylon material. She squatted down and stepped out of her skirt, still wearing her tall black pumps. Lying when she claimed to be 5' 4", mom always wore heels. Tonight, her heels were tall, thin spikes that seemed four inches long.

Mom stood back up and I marveled at the sight she presented me.

"Mom, how come you never seem to date?" I curiously wondered as I reached around mom's waist, and loosely hugged her. As I did this, mom's eyes dropped to my hands.

"Sweetie, who wants an old hag like me?" Mom divisively replied.

"Don't say that, mom, you're beautiful." I earnestly corrected.

"That's really sweet, but I know the truth." She countered.

Pulling mom a little closer, I asked, "Really?"

With my head over her shoulder and looking at mom's reflection in the mirror, I said, 'Look at yourself mom,' and grudgingly she lifted her eyes to see herself in the mirror.

"You have this beautiful black hair, that's still all natural. You don't have to do anything and it looks great. Women would kill to have your hair." It was true, even at 46, mom still didn't have a grey hair [even with me and Jimmy as sons]. She was delighted by this, and proud of her hair in general. Today she'd worn it loose and parted slightly in the middle; it started in the middle and gently angled to the left. From there, mom's raven dark locks hung straight down, framing her face before cascading down to the middle of her back. I could smell the scent of the lavender and lilac scented shampoo she used. If I

smelled that scent in a supermarket, it would create longings in my pants.

"And tell me you don't have the most beautiful eyes..." making eye contact with her in the mirror, I continued, "...you know that's true. You know you can paralyze someone with a look." Mom knowingly smirked. This was because she has piercing ice blue eyes. They are so pale a blue, that in bright sun they sometimes seem white. With her dark hair and fair skin, mom's eyes stood out. They were startling and an attention grabber. When she wanted to, mom could use those eyes to her advantage. Even after seeing her do it, I still hadn't learned the trick. [Thankfully, mom had blessed me with both those eyes and hair.]

"You have beautiful, clear skin..." I watched myself as I reached up and with just the bare tips of my fore and middle finger tips stroked mom's cheek, "...and such soft cheeks."

Then placing my thumb and forefinger on her jaw, I squeezed them together, running them along her jaw to meet on her

chin. I've always loved that mom has a petite chin that somehow seemed separate from her jaw, as if attached later. This was because she has a u shaped line that defines her chin.

My penis ached, I was so damn hard. It seemed as if my cock threatened to tear through its skin.

"Yeah, but what about the rest?" mom inquired. For reasons beyond me, mom was hypercritical of herself. Her weight would hover between 130 and 140 pounds. When it was closer to 130, she was happy. If it crept towards 140, she became neurotic. Mom worked out at an all-women's gym that supposedly celebrated a women's curves. Yet mom thought she should be a twig. I couldn't understand it.

"Mom, lift your chin." When she did, I asked, "Do you see a turkey neck?" and mom laughed. In the past, we had maliciously laughed at the turkey necks some of her friends had developed. Mom's neck was mostly smooth, with her neck muscles just barely hinting at her throat.

Then as I watched, I even shocked myself. My arms wrapped around mom's ribs. My hands reached out and cupped my mom's boobs. Gently holding each, they were both more than a handful. I jiggled them in my hands; lifted them and felt their heavy mass; caressed them and felt their softness.

"What man wouldn't love to have these in his hands? To worship, to caress, to love, to take into his mouth, he would be in heaven" Again, mom had a bizarre attitude towards her breasts. She felt they were too big; that they made her top-heavy. She'd complain about how she sometimes had to get her blouses tailored so that the middle didn't pucker open after she buttoned it. [Did mom realize the boner she gave her horny son talking about her tits?] Mom would complain about how at the gym she had to work extra hard on her chest muscles to "prevent my boobs from sagging." I almost came hearing that and would've loved to spot her as she worked out. She told me about how she rubbed lotion every night so that she didn't get stretch marks and I wanted to volunteer for that duty. I knew she didn't like to call them tits saying, "When they're this big, they're boobs."

Now I was holding them and to me they were perfect. "Mom you don't realize it, your breasts are perfect. I know you don't believe me, but your boobs are beyond incredible."

If mom had leaned back a quarter inch, she would've felt my stiff as steel cock and known how honest I was being. Instead, she just looked at me in the mirror, holding her breasts. I squeezed them together, and they surged upwards filling her whole chest.

Letting them back down, mom reached up and covered my hands with hers. We stood there like that for a moment; my hands cupping her breasts, her hands cupping mine.. One of my hands escaped from her hold and began to trace lines across her stomach. With just the tips of my ring and middle finger, I barely touched her skin. Still the feeling was delightful. I drew zigzags and felt electricity pass from her skin to my fingers.

"Your skin is so smooth," I whispered into her ear.

"So soft," I softly said as my finger made another pass

"So delightful," I breathed on her neck as I drew another line with my fingertip.

"So delicious," I crooned as my finger delighted on her bare skin.

Then keeping my fingers in contact with her skin, I let them drop down until they rode over the edge of her pantyhose. Feeling that silky, satin nylon materiel was ecstatic. Pausing at the point where the thigh connects to her hip, I drew circles and then ovals on the front of her thigh.

"Mom you know you have great legs," she would've argued with me but said nothing. "Instead of twigs, they have shape and form. They are divine. Why else do you always wear skirts?" Which was true. The one body part mom like of herself was her calves. From years of heels, they were developed and well shaped, flaring out from her thin ankles. She'd laugh and say, "Thank god, no cankles!"

Now she was quiet, just allowing my fingertips explore her body. My fingertips had left her thigh and began petting that soft paunch beneath her stomach. My fingertips drew swirls along her pantyhose as I watched in amazement.

"Mom, any man would be lucky to have someone as great as you, to have someone as wonderful as you, as beautiful as you. Any man dreams of that," I whispered into her ear. By now, mom's ass had bumped into my steel rod a few times, the last time it stayed against it. My fingertips, on their own, slipped underneath the elastic band. My fingertips continued their swirls.

"Mom, I wish I could find someone as great as you. If I could find someone as beautiful as you. Oh mom, that would be wonderful." While saying these words my hand had slowly slipped lower. Then my ring finger brushed against her pubic hair. On the second swirl, both my ring and middle finger touched her fur. "Mom, I wish I could find someone as perfect as..."

Mom jumped and spun around. Pushing me back, my mother screamed: "WHAT ARE YOU DOING? I'm Your Mother! Goto Your Room and think about what you've done."

Faster than the Flash, I fled my mother's room and bolted into mine.

In my room, how could I not think about what just happened? It replayed over and over again. My fingertips continued to tingle as if I could still feel mom's fuzz. I was still hard; my balls throbbed; my lust cried out for me to masturbate, to squeeze one out, to choke the chicken and bust a nut. But my guilt prevented me.

I lay on my bed and tried to sleep. My mind wasn't having that, instead the scene played again, and again. Two thoughts ran through my skull. The first was, "What have I done?" The second was more analytical, looking for where I made my mistake. I must've eventually fallen asleep, because when I opened my eyes it was dark outside.

Opening my bedroom door, I sensed the house was empty -- that mom was in her room behind the closed door. Quietly, I scurried to the kitchen. Using only the light over the stove, I made a couple of sandwiches, grabbed a can of soda and the half bag of chips. Before leaving I realized I better stock up. Filling a thermos with milk, I grabbed a plastic bag and filled it with my sandwiches, the potato chips, a bag of cookies, some power bars and two sodas. Stealthily returning to my bedroom, I figured I had enough provisions to hide from my mother for a while. I ate. Then watching TV in the dark, I crawled into my bed. As I lay there, in just pajama bottoms, I realized how alone I was and...

...that my balls ached so bad it reached up into my stomach.

Page II

Many hours later, there was a knock on my bedroom door. I ignored it, hoping the person knocking would go away

There was another knock on my door. I didn't answer. Mom opened my door anyway and cautiously asked, "Davis, can we talk?"

Having been busted for feeling up my own mother, I didn't say anything. With my back to the door, I just hoped she would leave. Instead, she continued into my room. If my shame wasn't enough already, I couldn't help but notice that mom smelled amazing! As I pleaded with god for me to be anywhere but here, mom's perfume invaded my nostrils and tickled my fancy. My body rebelled against my mind and started to become excited. I cursed myself for being the Ultimate Perv

Mom continued into my room and then came around my side of the bed. Reaching about halfway, mom sat down on my bed -- right against my hip! I rolled from my side onto my back, and looked at mom for the first time since this afternoon. The expression she had was oddly a mix of nervousness and determination. Being the Ultimate Perv, I also noticed mom may have had make-up on or just lip-gloss as they shined from the glow of the TV. I noted that mom

wore one of her nightgowns that was whitish and semi-sheer. From the bluish light cast by the TV, I thought I could see the swell of mom's breasts and the fact that she wasn't wearing a bra.

Thankfully, since I was lying on my back, as I started to get a chubby it laid flat against me. Especially since mom leaned slightly forward and rested her hand upon my bare abs. (From my exposure at DFY, I had developed a love for weight lifting. Never getting bulky, I was lean but strong.) If I was conscious of the physical contact between mom and me before, now I was ultra-aware. Mom's hand was a burning amber on my stomach, and I ached to catch fire.

"Dink," mom started to say and this immediately caught my attention, as never before had she called me this. In fact, previously she's yelled and cried about how she hated my nickname. "I'm sorry about before..." [She's sorry I wondered, shouldn't I be the one apologizing?] "...and I thought about what you said."

I was dumbfounded. As mom began to rub my stomach, I was speechless. Mom continued, "I know you would be good to me... [Did I say that?] ...I know you love me. I know that you would never hurt me... [Clueless, I wondered if I said that]...I realized that you would do everything you can to make me happy. If it was anyone I'd ever really want, it would be you." [Really? My mind screamed.]

Mom's hand wandered up to my chest and she continued, "It's just that this afternoon, you caught me so off-guard that I just freaked." With her hand rubbing that space between my chest and throat, mom asked: "I'm so sorry, can you forgive me?"

I couldn't speak, I was barely able to think. 'Has the world gone crazy?' I was beyond confused. I must have nodded my head because she continued. Placing her hand firmly on my chest, mom looked directly at me and we made eye contact.

"Whatever happens between us, has to stay between us; you can't tell anyone," she softly said. I realized she wanted a response.

"Of course mom, I ain't no snitch."

"Davis, I hate when you talk like that" she chided. "You have to always remember that no matter what happens between us, I'm your mother and you will respect that."

"Of course, I will," still unsure what I was agreeing to.

"And matter what happens between us, it can only be here in the house. No matter how affectionate we are here at home, we **MUST** behave ourselves when we are out. That means no touching or inappropriate behavior outside, ok?" mom questioned in a soft, breathy voice.

With the last part, I wondered, is she suggesting what I think she is? "Of course mom, I'll do whatever you say."

"I know you will," she acceded. Then, she surprised me by vaulting up and upon landing, straddled my waist. As soon as

she landed, and her rear made contact with my abs, my chubby was replaced with a full-on raging boner that demanded satisfaction. [Once while we watched gymnastics, mom told me that with her "being a shortie", she used to do gymnastics herself until "I started to develop these" -- meaning her ample bosom.]

Placing her hands on my cheeks, mom leaned forward and gave me a quick peck on my lips. She leaned back maybe three inches, as if determining whether I was kiss worthy or not. I must've passed because mom laid a full lip-lock on me. I puckered my lips and returned her kiss. We held this kiss for maybe 3 seconds but to me it seemed a lifetime. I also realized her lips tasted like peaches.

Breaking our bond, mom leaned forward and huskily whispered in my ear, "I love you, Dink." I almost came hearing her utter those words!

"I love you too." She rewarded me with another kiss. As I felt her tongue on my lips, I opened my mouth to accept her.

When she licked my teeth, it tickled but when her tongue made contact with mine, it was as if an explosion occurred. Even she must've felt it, cause she paused too. Then we returned to our tongue wrestling.

As this was happening, I tried to figure out what to do with my hands. I finally settled on mom's thighs. When I tentatively put my hands on the outer edge of her thighs, mom mischievously laughed. Even with her tongue in my mouth, she was able to do this!

Breaking our kiss, mom leaned back. With a girlish giggle, she said, "I think these are what you want," Then straightening up fully, mom shifted. Raising her arms, in one fluid motion her nightgown was lifted over her head and completely gone. Even as quickly as mom shed her nightgown, my mind processed it in slow motion.

As mom had sat up and lifted her gown, she had exposed that she wasn't wearing any panties and that she had a small hitler patch down there. I thought this was odd as she had

previously expressed absolute disgust towards Hitler and the Nazi. Once she yelled at the TV that it was Hitler's fault for the decline of Western European prominence.

These thoughts disappeared as her hemline passed over her chest. And yes mom wasn't wearing a bra! Seeing my mom's bare boobs made me so hard my teeth ached. They were big, full, and breathe taking. Being all real, god-given, mom's boobs had a natural pear shape, with more of the mass at the bottom. All of that work at the gym she complained about was paying off, as they seemed to have only some sag. The sag that existed in fact added to their sexiness, since it created about a two inches of underboob. In the bluish light of the TV, this helped accentuate their size. Her nipples are a dark lavender, and I was surprised at the smallness of them. They were only a little bigger than a quarter, imagine flattening a quarter and there you are. Her buds poked out almost shyly.

When her arms swung back down, mom took possession of my wrists, and confidently placed my hands on her breasts. "There," she announced. If cupping my mom's boobs through her bra this afternoon was incredible, then this was truly

mind-boggling. I just held them in my hands, unable to think what to. With my hands securely attached, she leaned back down to press those peach flavored lips upon mine.

Miraculously, mom's kissing freed my mind and I started to squeeze, cup, caress, rub, and tease those wonderful orbs that were being crushed into my hands. I knew I had to have one in my mouth. I began pulling one up towards my mouth, not fully thinking that her mouth was still attached. She must've realized what I was trying to do, because she shifted and there it was.

One of my mom's boobs hung before my hungry mouth. As I attached myself to her nipple, mom lowered her breast, feeding me tit. I sucked as much as I could into my mouth, and then tried to suck more in. It was unbelievable, and she must've enjoyed it too. One hand began stroking the top of my head.

"Oh baby, that feels so good. Oh Dink," she sighed. Releasing the vacuum lock I had on her boob created some space within

my mouth, allowing my tongue to explore the Yummy I had. I tried to run my tongue along the outside edge and every time I touched her nipple, I bounced to a new spot.

"Oh baby, yes, oh baby lick my nipple, lick it!" she moaned and so I did. My free hand began to explore, and as I stroked mom's side, she giggled.

"Not there sweetie, I'm ticklish there baby." Mom grabbed my wrist, I guess to prevent me from tickling her further.

I didn't complain as she placed my hand on her bare butt cheek. My hand wasn't gonna wander from this new territory! If mom hated that her breasts were 'too big', she complained even more about her ass. I thought this was bizarre since her hips were only a 36! Sure, her waist was actually a 30 (she lied and claimed 28) but that gave her a 38D-30-36 on a 5'4"-ish frame. While shorter, I think Snooki has bigger measurements, so why was mom always claiming she couldn't eat the smallest piece of chocolate "without it going straight to my ass!"

With her ass in my hand, it felt smooth, soft, and perfect; with just the right amount of give when I squeezed it. Mom's ass felt so good, my other hand released its hold on her breast to join its twin on my mom's ass-cheeks. With two handfuls of mom's butt and a mouthful of tit, I wondered if it could get any better. My brain answered yes, and gave me an idea.

I began pushing her hips (and butt), trying to draw it towards my head. Mom felt this and was confused. She inquired, "What are you doing?" Releasing her bountiful breast, she must've realized what I was doing. She shimmied up towards me and sat up straighter. Grabbing the iron railings of my headboard, (a headboard I had inherited from her, with black iron loops that ended with tulips in varying stages of blossoming. I've wondered if the creator was implying a subtle but ironic joke), mom delightfully lowered her Honey Pot towards my eager mouth.

Once mom sat on my face, I discovered that true Nirvana is better than any chemical induced one. At first, my mom just grinded her mound upon my face, alternating from the

smoothness on the tip of my nose; the slickness of my moistened lips; to the slight roughness of the stubble on my chin. When I began to stick out my tongue, mom settled on hovering over that. She teased both her and me. She'd hover just enough for my tongue to make contact with her pussy lips. She'd sigh with delight. Yet every time I tried to press my tongue in further, she'd pull herself up denying me. Then she'd lower herself enough for my tongue to kiss her lips. Finally, I began to figure how to win this game.

Instead of straining to force my tongue to resemble Gene Simmons', I stuck out only half of my tongue. Mom had to lower herself further, then she'd bounce back up. I gave her less tongue and mom had to descend further, next only the tip of my tongue stuck out, finally it was just my lips mom touched down on. At that moment, my hands sprung up and captured her hips. Holding her tight, I snaked my tongue into her Treasure. Giggling, mom playfully tried to pull up. I could tell she was only half-heartily trying to escape my probing tongue.

Between giggles, she sighed, "Oh Davis, oh baby...oh that feels so good." She surrendered to me and sat upon my face. My tongue explored her inner folds, I drank in her sweetness, and I savored the aroma of her nectar. Mom slid up further and began to seemingly gyrate in circular motions. At first, I tried to twist my head and move my nose out of the way but she cried, "No baby, keep it right there, keep it there."

Straightening my head, I opened my eyes and was treated to a dreamlike vision. There was mom's bare tummy, above were her world-class tits and between the Grand Canyon they forged, mom's face floated above looking back at me. Watching each other, she started rubbing her nub against my nose again.

"That's it...oh god, you're so good to me. Oh, you're all I need," mom called down to me. I was glad her hands were still holding the iron rails, cause my cock was so enflamed one touch would've cause the fireworks; a warm breeze would've been enough to ignite my 4th of July.

Thankfully, she simply continued her facial dance. We continued to look at each other. Time ceased to have meaning. Maybe after a few seconds, maybe after a few years, mom's eyes rolled upwards and her eyelids began to flutter. Her breathing quickened and she moaned, "ooh...ooh...ooh god...oh gaaaa..." and she stopped. That's the best description, she just stopped.

After a moment, she returned. She slipped down off my face and her butt plopped upon my chest. Breathing deeply maybe three or four times, mom reached down and ruffled my hair, 'Oh Dink, I love you,"

She took two more breaths. Looking at me, she asked, "Are you ready to make love to your mom?"

Again, I was struck speechless. Maybe I nodded because she rolled off and lay next to me. "Come over here, my lover, my son." She didn't have to tell me twice. Before she finished those words, I was above her.

Mom wrapped her arms around my neck. Pulling me down, she kissed me deeply. As we kissed, I started humped away, trying to penetrate her.

"Get rid of those pajamas, dummy," mom laughingly instructed. I reached down and pushed them down past my hips. Then flailing away, kicked them and the blankets off.

Have you ever stuck your tongue on a 9-volt battery? That buzzing tingle you feel, yet you want to keep your tongue there anyway. This was how my flesh upon mom's body felt, I buzzed and tingled everywhere and loved it. Mom expertly reached between us and guided me home. As my sword slid into my mom's sheath, it felt perfect. When I was fully inside my mom, I realized that that hole in my soul I never thought could be filled was now filled. Inside my mother's pussy, I was complete. I arched my back, raising my head up and gazed upon her beauty.

"Oh baby you feel so good. I love you," she pledged. I lowered my head and kissed her. We kissed so deeply we became one soul, a mother and her son united.

Breaking our kiss, mom licked the outside curve of my ear. She whispered, "Go slowly" An instance of anger flared in me. I thought 'this maybe the first time in this saddle, but I've been to the rodeo before.' Still, I would've gone slowly away because I didn't want to break the bond between our bodies. I gently rocked back and forth into her pussy. The feelings flooding my brain were beyond mind-boggling.

As hair-trigger ready as I was before, I was astounded I didn't blast-off. I could feel my cum right there, ready to fire. But my storm-troopers couldn't seem to figure out how to open the door! I didn't complain as my rocking intensified and my strokes extended. Mom cheered me on.

"Oh Dink, that's it," she cheered as I gently thrust my cock into her welcoming pussy.

"Oh baby, that's it...oh god, you feel so good," she celebrated as I thrust with urgency into her.

"Oh Dink, make me yours." At this point, I was giving mom all I had. I was thrusting forcefully into her, marveling I hadn't cum yet. Mom had released her hold on my neck. She grabbed hold of my back. When she drove her nails through me, I screamed in pain, I hollered in bliss.

"Oh Dink, fuck me...fuck me, Dink," my love called out.

"Give your Mom the fucking she needs," she sung. Hearing my mom speak like this fired my lust to higher heights. I drove into her with greater determination. Mom must've sensed the effect her words were having on me. She continued with her fiendish cheering.

"Fuck me, my son...fuck me, my love," she demanded and I charged into her.

"Give your Mom the love she needs," she begged as I hurtled myself into her hungry pussy.

"Oh god yes, that's it you Motherfucker." Hearing mom call me a motherfucker set me on fire. Settling into a steady rhythm, I worked over my mom's pussy, silently urging myself to cum. Still my front line storm-troopers couldn't figure out the lock, yet more pushed against the door. Mom's nails tore tracks across my back and I loved it like nothing ever before.

"Oh god baby, I love it...I love it, my Dinkleberry," she shouted. "God yes, that's it!"

"Oh god, you're giving your mom the best fucking ever," she extolled.

"Oh, fuck your mom like that...yeah like that baby." Soon we were both gasping for air. The harder I tried to cum, the more it eluded me. Grunts and pants had replaced mom's chants.

Soon I could no longer draw breath. I had to pause. Mom put a hand on my chest and through her pants said, "Hold on."

She crawled out from under me. Mom was on her hands and knees, her ample ass proudly on display. "Here you go."

I knelt behind her. I rubbed my hands on her majestic ass-cheeks and slid my cock in her valley, kinda hot-dogging her. Then an urge over took me. I lowered my head before one of her ass-cheeks and...

I bit into it! Mom yelled in shock and I held fast. As she silenced, I released my hold and saw my bite mark imprinted deeply on her ass. My mark was an angry red on her pale pinkish skin.

I knelt behind my mom, and pushing down on my cock, lined it up with her love nest. It accepted me eagerly, hungrily. Mom's pussy felt as welcoming as before. I slid inside her until my hips made contact with her ample rear. Leaning my chest against her back, I whispered into her ear, "I love you, mom."

Reaching around her, I cupped her hanging breasts. They overflowed my hands. Without withdrawing, I commenced ramming into mom and grunted. I tried to hold tight to her boobs, but as she began thrusting back against me, I couldn't. Rising up, I took hold of her hips. Now, I was able to thrust into mom fervently.

Mom wasn't satisfied remaining stationary. At first, our motions were chaotic, but eventually we found a rhythm. Every time my hips would crash into her ass, it produced an erotic slap and a ripple would run through her ass and up her back. Mom continued to grunt, and I groaned my own arousal.

"Mom you're incredible!" I was able to spit out. Mom called back, "Grab my hair." Releasing one anchor from her hips, I grabbed a handful of her raven locks. I held tight to it as she tossed her head, threatening to tear loose from my grip. As I thrust my battering ram into mom's pussy, I pulled back on her hair.

"That's it...yeah, you motherfucking bastard," she wantonly yelled.

"Yeah fuck your mom, you motherfucker." I was so excited my heart seemed to pound through my chest. Sweat was pouring off me. After a bone-jarring collision between us I held tight, buried inside mom. My hand released her hip.

In a blur of motion, my hand swung back and BANG! I slapped mom's mighty ass-cheek. Mom shrieked like a hellion. Replacing my hand to her hip, I tightened my grip on her hair. I saw my handprint glowing on mom's ass-cheek. I rammed into her over, and over, and over.

"Again," my hellion demanded. I spanked that ass hard enough to produce a thunderclap. Mom screamed a house-shaking howl. Raising my hand, my handprint throbbed an angry red, matching my bite-mark on her other cheek.

Mom dropped down to her forearms, resting her head in a pillow. I knew she was getting tired, so I reached over and grabbed two pillows. "Here," I said placing them under her hips. [Do you think I'd have a problem laying my head against them later?] Now her hips had a more upwards direction. Better yet, mom's brown-eye was winking at me from the canyon of her ass.

I resumed my pumping into my mom's glorious pussy. I could still feel my cum right there zealously wanting to burst through yet unable to figure out how to open the door. With one hand loosely holding her hip, I rhythmically slid my steel rod in and out of mom's womb. I sucked on my middle finger, then touched mom's bunghole. She coo'ed with pleasure. As I tickled her sphincter, mom giggled. Into the pillow, mom moaned.

"Oh, I like that," she hailed and I tickled her puckered asshole.

"Oh that's so wicked," she applauded as my cock slammed into her pussy, my finger massaging her butthole.

"Oh my god, I can't believe you're doing that." I sucked more on my finger, covering it with spit. However, when I tried to penetrate her backdoor, mom yelled back, "Whoa..." and I stopped. I stopped playing with her backdoor, I stopped my thrusts, I think I may have stopped breathing.

Mom swiftly spun around. In a blur of motion, she was seated before me. "Sweetie, there'll be time to do that another time."

With her before me, mom was about eye level with my cock, and she took hold of it. I think she meant to take me into her mouth. However, at the moment she pulled it down level with her, was the moment my storm-troopers figured out the door swings out and they all rushed the door. Charging the door and slamming it open, they shot out in an avalanche of cum. My first shot slapped mom in the forehead; the second fired high, into her hair; the third and fourth aimed for her eye. Mom quickly turned away, one hitting the side of her closed eyelid, the other next to it; five and six pelted her ear; two more slammed into her cheek; one hit her chin; then the strugglers dribbled out, landing on her forearm.

Finally, my cannon was empty. Mom felt around for something, anything, and finally clutched the t-shirt I had tossed off earlier. Attempting to wipe her face clean, she succeeded more in smearing it. Persistently, she finally got most of my gunk off her face.

Mom still had a sticky sheen, as she said, "We're gonna have to work on that..."

Chapter Two

Once she got most of my gunk off her face, she used my now ruined t-shirt to catch the last couple of drops of cum that leaked out of my cock. She wiped my slicked cock as it slowly deflated from its former majesty.

After she climbed off my bed, my Lady stood and held her hand out to me. Taking her hand in mine, I allowed her to lead me out of my bedroom. As we left my room and entered

hers, I admired my mother's well-formed ass. She always complained it was too big but I had no idea what she was talking about. Sure, it was bigger than the twigs I knew at college but to me that was a plus.

Her ass has that pleasant heart-shape. Since she goes to the gym at least twice a week there was a firmness to it even as I watched it bounce as she walked nude in front of me. In fact, it was impressive that for a woman of 46 that there was no cottage cheese. What was the most outstanding feature was where her ass met the back of her legs. There it folded in and the crease created two happy smiles.

Mom led me through her bedroom and into the large master bathroom. In some ways this was her sanctuary. The shower was a huge walk-in affair built into an alcove. On the floor, across the front is an ornate brass grille that serves as both border and drain. Behind that is dark Jerusalem limestone, which stands in contrast to the light colored, rough texture of the granite blocks that line the walls. There was three shower heads (one on each wall) and I watched enticed as she turned them on.

I was mesmerized to watch my mother move about nude. She was completely oblivious of how beautiful a sight she presented me, which made it even hotter.

Once she had the showerheads set to an agreeable temperature she stepped in and promptly was every son's shower scene fantasy. With three shower heads she was soaked instantly and after rinsing off her face, she reached up and slicked back her raven locks into a ponytail that reached down to the beginning of the gentle sweep of her buttocks. She turned to face me and I watched the water cascade over her magnificent heavy breasts. It washed over in sheets, to split at her nipples. Some followed the curves of her body while some rained down in the most erotic waterfalls I have ever observed.

I watched the water run down the swell of her stomach and funnel down to her pussy, where it dripped freely from her slightly spread legs. Still enough water showered her to slick her powerful shapely legs giving them a sheen no pantyhose could match.

Mom shook her head clear of water then opened those piercing, vibrant blue eyes of hers. When she saw that I just stood there dumbfound admiring her beauty my Sea Goddess spoke, "Aren't you gonna join me?"

I didn't need to be asked twice. I walked into her welcoming arms and kissed her as every son wishes to kiss his mother. Our lips meet and her mouth opened to accept my probing tongue. I felt her arms wrap around and pull me in tight to her wet body. Feeling that hot water wash down upon me, I realized how tired and weary I actually was.

Still my hands wanted to explore this wet nymph's body. My fingers glided over her smooth, soft back and settled on her moist, warm butt cheeks. Their heated flesh seemed to melt into my hands as I cupped them, squeezing them and pulling mom up to me. We suspended our kissing. She reached up and pushed my hair off my face. Brushing it back with her fingers sent quivers through me as she rubbed my scalp. Looking up at me, she smiled and announced, "I love you so much."

"I love you too," I promised by kissing her wet, eager lips. Her wet form caressed my chest and I was ensnared. I released my hold on her exceptional ass. Stepping behind her, my back was now in line with one of the water sprays. While the hot water felt incredible, what I felt next was even better.

As I reached under her arms, I wrapped my arms around her and took hold of my mother's magnificent breasts. To be holding my mom's warm wet boobs in my hands was beyond description. As a D-cup, they overflowed over my hands. (I've heard people say more than a handful is a waste; to them I say they are fools.) To feel the weight of her boobs was amazing - they were firm and solid. With the slight bit of sag she had, I was able to bounce them in my hands and I knew I was the luckiest man alive. My Lady must've liked it too as she slowly whimpered, "Oh god, oh god yes," in a long panted whisper.

The water washed over her breasts and onto my hands. I reached up further and brought my hands across her points, palming her nipples. I could feel her hard bullets on the palms of my hands. In small circles, I rubbed her wet tits. "Oh god,

honey, oh that feels so good, oh my..." my water nymph breathed.

Even though I had just cum less than ten minutes ago, I was still stunned that my cock lamely hung at half-mast. My hormones raged, my lust was a burning inferno; I wanted to fuck this mermaid I held in my hands yet here I was in a Time Out. I squeezed mom's boobs tight to her, which pressed her into me. With our height difference, my cock laid on the upswell of her rump. I humped myself on her and urged my sleeping giant to wake.

The water nymph must've known what I was trying to do and saved me from myself. Reaching up and back, she grabbed hold of my head and pulled it down to her shoulder. My nymph cocked her head back and she gave me a quick peck. "Sweetie, we have plenty of time to do that sooo many more times."

She kissed me again, keeping her warm soft lips attached to mine until I felt her tongue licking my lips. Opening my

mouth, her tongue snaked its way in. Now I just held my warm, wet, naked mother to me so that she could kiss me deeper. After a lifetime, we severed our kiss and she said, "Ok, now help me get soaped up."

She handed me her loofah and I poured a big blob of her body soap onto it. Instantly, I could smell the lavender and lilac scent of the soap. Beginning at the underside of her chin, I soaped up mom's neck. By the time I had reached the bottom of her neck, the loofah had built up a mighty mound of suds. I left a smear of soap bubbles across her chest. I washed the valley between her mountains. I lovingly washed her breasts clean, focusing on the mind-blowing feel of washing the underside of her boobs. As I washed her right underboob the loofah stuck beneath the mass of her boob. I didn't realize it at first as my soapy hand continued its travels.

He nymph took my hand into hers, "Sweetie, you lost something." I realized my hand was empty. Looking at the floor, I couldn't see where the loofah had fallen. Looking over her shoulder, I still couldn't find where the damn thing disappeared. My mermaid started to giggle.

"Where'd the damn thing go?" I wondered aloud and mom laughed with mirth; her wet form shook beside mine. Letting me search a few more seconds she laughed. With her left hand, she removed it from her hiding space and handed it back to me. At my speechlessness, she laughed even more.

Finally the water nymph took pity upon me, "That happens to me all the time too. Only difference is I can feel it dangling there," She giggled and I laughed with her.

As I soaped up the soft swell of her stomach I said into her ear, "Mom, you are the most beautiful woman I know."

"Honey, that's really sweet but I know you're only saying that because you're molesting me right now."

"Still it's true," I promised.

"Listen I know I don't look like those girls at college. You..."

I cut her off there. "Mom, I'd take you over any girl at school. They are all girls with a girl's body. You are a woman..." I took her bountiful boob in my left hand, "...with the body of a woman. I'll hear none of this nonsense."

"Now kiss me," I ordered. She obeyed by twisting her head around and we kissed. As we kissed, my hand began to soap her pubic mound. While washing between the mermaid's legs, she pressed her lips against me with increased force. Swirling the soapy loofah along her urging body I could feel her sigh with desire.

With a last sigh, mom removed my hand from her treasure. She took a step forward and called over her shoulder, "Ok, time to do my back."

I took her soaked dark mane, squeezed it into a ponytail and tossed it over her left shoulder. Reloading the loofah, I started at her neck. I lovingly washed her back. As I reached about halfway down I knelt behind her and continued my descend

down her body. When I reached her butt I had to taste her flesh.

First, I simply licked mom's fiery wet globes. As I kissed her right butt cheek, the cannibal in me took over. Taking a mouthful of her ample meat, I bit down hard. Locking my teeth into her skin, my nymph squealed. Releasing my hold, she jumped. "Oh, my God! What kind of savage have I made?" she laughingly asked. Admiring my branding, I pulled her close to me and rubbed her tender flesh.

Gently kissing each globe, I rubbed the loofah across her butt. I thoroughly washed her clean. I joyfully slide the loofah between her ass-crack. At one point, I left it hanging in there to see if it would stay. It did. When I went to retrieve it, mom clinched her cheeks tight and I couldn't get it out.

"Think of that next time you wanna put something in there!" she teasingly warned. Instead of deterring me, it made me want to explore her Forbidden Zone more.

I washed her strong shapely legs. Reaching her left foot, I directed her to lift it to me. Bending her leg at the knee, I took her offered foot and lovingly scrubbed it. Holding onto my shoulder for balance, she giggled from the ticklishness as I washed the soles of her foot. After her other foot returned to the floor, I watched with delight as she rinsed the remaining soap off her gleaming physique.

Putting her hand to my chin, my Queen summoned her King to rise up. Upon standing, we kissed and she took the loofah from me. "I hope you don't mind smelling like lavender and lilac," my love asked.

"For you anything," I pledged.

Arching my chest, I held out my arms, palms cupped upwards posing as a preening Adonis for my Queen. Refilling the loofah, she playfully slapped me in the face with suds. It was charming to hear her girlish laugh. To have mom soaping me up was delicious, delightful and decadent.

She rubbed the loofah across my chest and I realized why women use it instead of a washcloth. I tightened my abs as my water nymph washed them and marveled at the soft, light feel of the loofah instead of an abrasive, heavy washcloth. It was magic as she washed the middle of my back -- none of my trying to twist into odd contortions to reach everywhere. I tensed as My Queen seized my ass but after a squeeze, she simply washed me without any funny business.

Spinning back around in front of me, mom began washing my family jewels. Even with a mermaid stroking my sleeping giant, he only stirred to half-mast; I remained in Time Out.

"It's so nice to see my son has grown into such a fine young man," the mermaid commented as she washed my sac. Looking into my eyes she continued, "Yes, you've become a real man, Dink. I love you," then kissed me before I could respond.

Finished, we stepped out of the shower nook. In the spacious bathroom, a cloud of steam hovered and obscured the ceiling.

We each grabbed a towel and dried off. I watched mom as she watched me watch her dry her back. Holding a corner of the towel in each hand she vigorously rubbed it across her back. In the process, her pendulous breasts swayed from side-to-side in jaw-dropping fashion.

When she was done drying herself, she wrapped the towel around her ribcage. It was sorta-kinda at breast level, in that the towel ran beneath her underboob and she tucked it closed in the middle between her treats.

Wrapping my towel around my waist, I stepped behind her as she stood in front of the mirror trying to wipe it free of mist. Taking the hairbrush from her, I began adoringly combing out her luxurious hair. When I had finished getting every knot and tangle loose her brush flowed through her mane bringing out its sheen. My Queen coo'ed with pleasure from my attention.

Satisfied, my nymph took the brush from me. Placing the brush on the counter and taking me by the hand she

requested, "Come on." Mom led me through the door to the master bedroom. At her plush king-sized bed, she pulled back the covers. Dropping the towel to the floor, she slinked her sumptuous form into the bed.

"Get in," my Queen summoned. I followed her into her bed. It seemed strange to be crawling into my mother's bed, something I hadn't done since I was five years old; it felt natural to be getting under the covers with my new girlfriend.

After I had settled into her bed, mom snuggled up to me. I was lying on my back and my Lady took my right arm and placed it underneath the back of her neck. Her head was resting on my shoulder and she draped an arm across my chest. I looked down at the top of her head and watched as she gently rubbed my chest.

"Do you know how many times I wanted to do this?" she began. "Many a night I'd be lying in this big bed, in this big room that felt so empty. I knew you were right across the hallway; I'd want to come and curl up with you while you

slept. I'd think about how nice it would feel to have your arms around me, to feel your warmth. I'd think about how you would hold me until I fell asleep..."

"Don't say anything. Let's just go to sleep," my angel put one finger on my lips. With a quick peck on my cheek, "I love you, Dink." I felt her snuggle even closer upon me. Within three blinks of an eye, my Queen had fallen asleep on me.

I alternated between staring at her head and staring at the ceiling thinking how crazy this was, how upside down my world had become. Less than 10 hours ago, I had fled this room after being yelled at for feeling up my mom. Now, I was lying in my mother's bed with her sleeping nude body alongside me. I wondered if I had slipped through the rabbit hole and joined Alice in Wonderland.

I awoke with a start. Something was wrong, I was in someone else's bed; I was in someone else's room; and someone was pressing their soft, warm body against mine. I searched my environs, wishing my eyes would hurry up and adjust to the

darkness. Blinking multiple times, things finally began to take shape. I started to recognize the furniture. I was in my mother's room and I was in her bed. Looking at the sleeping form, I realized that it was my mom. I thought, 'Holy shit, this hasn't all been a dream.'

When she pressed her pliant form even tighter up to me, it seemed to make it even more real, especially since it took me forever to get back to sleep. Suddenly the bed was uncomfortable, the pillow not right and as great as it was to have my naked mom molded to me, she was about 1,000 degrees. I wanted to shift positions but was confined by her sleeping figure. 'Yeah, this definitely ain't a dream,' I thought as I stared at the ceiling wishing for sleep to come.

The next time I opened my eyes, mom was kinda half lying on me with her chin on my chest looking at me with those intense blue eyes. "Great, you're finally up..." giving me a quick peck, "...Guten Morgen," my dream girl sang. She climbed over me and off the bed to head to the bathroom. I heard the water running.

I laid there in the bed and put my hands behind my head. Feeling good I thought, 'Yup, it's good to be the King.'

Mom must've finished whatever it was she was doing in the bathroom. Re-entering the bedroom, she walked over to her dresser. I watched as she reached into one of her drawers and pulled out a light sky blue bra. As she put it on, I could see that that bottom half of the cup was a solid shiny satin material, the top half a sheer lace material. Her bra perfectly held her breasts proudly up on display. It was almost as enchanting seeing those mounds held in such an attractive container as seeing her breathtaking boobs on open display.

I was astounded to see mom pull out the matching boyshort style panties. I had never seen her wear these before.

(When I was a budding teenage pervert, I made it my duty to learn all about the different styles of bras and panties that exists. I've always found boyshorts to be ultra-sexy. Designed to resemble a man's brief, I've often thought they remind you of a tube top for a woman's hips. Women's boyshort panties

feature leg openings that cover the top portion of the thighs and usually an invisible waistband. Boyshorts hug a woman's butt to sit flat along her body. This is what I find so desirable about them, how they embrace what they were being asked to hold.)

Watching mom slide her boyshorts panties on, I wondered if I was still dreaming. Similar to the bra, the bottom half was a solid light sky blue satin material about three inches wide; the top half was that sheer lace material, again about three inches wide. When she had them in place I drooled as her boyshorts hugged her shape tight and the bottom half of her butt was charmingly exposed.

My amazement didn't stop. My lingerie model next pulled out a white camisole tank top. It was a simple cami with spaghetti straps that stretched to hug her chest tight. From there it hung loosely. Seeing it hanging away from her stomach, I marveled at that gap knowing it was being created because of her breasts above. With a white lace trim on the bottom, it barely reached her waist. What was the loveliest was how it seemed to more reveal than cover her bra. Besides

the thick bra straps, most of the top half of her bra were exposed underneath the low cut camisole my mother wore. I drooled in appreciation.

Finished dressing my lingerie model turned to me, "You gonna lay there all day? Get up and wash up; I'm gonna make us some breakfast. See you downstairs." I watched her ass dance in those boyshorts as she sashayed out of our bedroom.

Getting out of my mother's bed my body sorta operated on autopilot. For whatever reason, I headed over to the smaller, hallway bathroom that I normally use and took a quick shower. Drying off, I went into my bedroom. There I threw on a black tee shirt and a pair of loose red with black basketball shorts. Descending the stairs, I could hear mom watching the business news channel in the kitchen and smell breakfast cooking -- that wonderful smell of pork sausages frying.

Entering the kitchen, I was graced with the vision of an angel performing her miracle at the stove. I took a seat at the

kitchen table and watched her perform. Unaware, mom had the artistic grace of a ballerina. In the outfit she was wearing, watching her bounce about I was soon sporting major wood.

"Oh you're out of bed finally. How did you sleep?" my angel asked as she continued to face the stove. Without pause she continued, "I slept incredible. I haven't slept like that in so long. God, it was nice to have a man to hold tight to. I told you I often thought of crawling into your bed as you slept; just to have you hold me as I slept..." Watching the angel prance and purr got me so hard that I couldn't resist the urge to start stroking myself. It felt so good, so wicked to be jerking off as I watched my mother cook in nothing but her panties and camisole.

"...It just felt so good to snuggle up against you. I hope I wasn't too clingy and I didn't keep you up..." With my hand down my shorts and wrapped around my crank, the angel suddenly spun around. "...Oh, I see you're already up," she quipped. I burned with embarrassment and went to yank my offending hand from my shorts. "It's ok, honey. I understand that you're young and get like that, don't stop..." and she floated towards

me. "...in fact it's kinda hot knowing you were doing that thinking about me. Do you do that often thinking about me?" By now, she was standing right before me. Leaning down, she took my head in her hands and kissed me. Breaking our kiss, our faces still close she whispered, "Can I watch?"

I kept stroking and mom pulled the front of my waistband exposing my raging boner. She laughed, "Look how big he is. I remember when you were this small," and held her fingers a few inches apart. Smelling the food cooking she jumped up. "Let me not burn my man's breakfast. He needs his energy," and in a couple of graceful leaps was back before the stove. As I kept 'getting familiar with myself', my angel called over her shoulder, "What do you have planned for today? Are you doing anything?"

'Besides jerking off behind your back?' I thought. Instead, I answered, "Nah, I got nothing special happening."

"Good, I was thinking that maybe we could hang-out together and then maybe go do something. You don't mind being out with your mother, do you?"

"No, of course not." I assured her.

Putting the food on the plates, "Good. Now wash your hands. Breakfast is ready." Washing my hands in the kitchen sink, I saw that mom had cooked an egg whites with spinach concoction for herself. For me, she had loaded my plate with French toast, sausage links and three fried eggs.

Taking my plate, I kissed her on the lips. "Thanks, mom," and sat back down at the table. As she sat, the news began a story about a rival grocery chain. Well-trained, I knew not to say anything during the report. We ate breakfast in silence, just enjoying each other's company.

When I was finished eating and putting my plate in the dishwasher, I wandered over to the living room. Plopping down on the sofa, I threw on SportsCenter to get some scores

and highlights. After a while, mom came in to join me. Lifting my arm up, she just casually curled up beside me as if this was routine. Grabbing the remote from me, she began flipping through the channels.

"Hey! I was watching that."

"So? There's no baseball scores or news. It doesn't matter then," my angel announced. I guess as much as some things had changed, something's were gonna remain the same. Pinned by her to the sofa, I was trapped and just prayed she didn't subject me to 'The View' or similar torture. Up in the 300 or 400's of channels she stopped.

"Oh good, I've been wanting to see this movie," my torturer declared. It was 'Another Earth' -- a movie I had never heard of.

"What's it about?" I asked, prepping myself for two hours of chick-flick hell.

Hitting a button on the remote the synopsis appeared. Mom read aloud to her apparently illiterate son: "Rhoda Williams, a bright young woman accepted into MIT's astrophysics program, aspires to explore the cosmos. A brilliant composer, John Burroughs, has just reached the pinnacle of his profession and is about to have a second child with his loving wife. On the eve of the discovery of a duplicate Earth, tragedy strikes and the lives of these strangers become irrevocably intertwined. Estranged from the world and the selves they once knew, the two outsiders begin an unlikely love affair and reawaken to life. But when one is presented with the chance of a lifetime opportunity to travel to the other Earth and embrace an alternative reality, which new life will they choose?"

"A friend of mine told me about it a while ago. So shut up and enjoy it." My torturer ordered. Hitting the play button, she gave me a quick peck and snuggled against me. Considering my own past I found the beginning of the movie a bit off settling [watch it to find out why]. The rest of the movie was

really good and definitely not a chick flick -- of what I saw. I was a little busy getting to know my new girlfriend better.

As she nestled up on me, every so often she'd look back at me with those pleading eyes. I'd grant her request for a kiss.

My hands began to explore my new found land. My left hand focused on the upper peninsula, mom's stupendous tits. At first, my hand just caressed them over her bra and camisole. To feel their fullness beneath the ultra-smoothness of her cami was exquisite. I'd vainly try to wrap my hand around one of her orbs and savored my failing. I'd marvel at their perfection. It got even better when my hand mysteriously worked its way under her cami. Now the only thing between my palm and mom's bare breast was her silky satin bra. I trembled at the change of texture from the solid satin bottom half to the sheer lacy top half. I could feel her heat especially when she put her hand over mine, holding my hand tighter to her tits.

My right hand wasn't idle. It was busy exploring my new girlfriend's lower peninsula. I started by rubbing her bare thigh, my fingers amazed at its miraculous mix of softness with a firmness underneath. As I explored the tenderness of her inner thigh mom giggled with pleasure. Having discovered a sensitive meadow I strummed the tips of my fingers along its suppleness. My girlfriend just coo'ed with appreciation and kissed me with fervor. My hand continued to explore further north, discovering her Paradise.

Using the tips of three fingers I delicately petted her pussy, just curling my fingers across the sleekness of her satin panties. I was rewarded with mom sighing in a breathless whisper, "Ah, Ooh, Aaah...that's nice." By flexing my wrist, I extended the stroke of my petting. I could feel the fire it stoked. Mom's head tilted back and she purred with longing. I palmed her pussy and petted my girlfriend's Paradise.

"Ooooh god, oh that feels sooooo good," she purred. I felt the same as the tingles from my hand raced up my arm, into my heart and then popped in my brain. As we kissed mom's mouth hung open, breathing her lust into me. I pressed my

fingers harder on her and I could feel the swell of her engorged pussy lips. Soon my fore and ring fingers danced across her folds as my middle finger traced the slit between them.

"Ooh god baby, oh god, you're gonna make me cum." I didn't know if she was asking me to stop or begging me to continue. I choose the latter.

"Aah...Aah...ah god, Oh god I love you..." she pleaded.

"Oooh gaaa..." in a breathless voice, she started.

She kissed me. Then biting my lower lip, groaned some incoherent garble. Her eyes searched the sky and on my fingers, I could feel the hot damp rush of her climax. Returning back to the ground, mom released the hold she had on my lip and her body simply melted onto mine. As her breathing returned she reached back. Grasping my neck, she pulled herself up to me.

"I love you so much, oh god do I love you." She swore and gave me a loving kiss. We watched the end of the movie as two satisfied lovers.

"How would you like a second chance?" my belle asked when the movie ended, referring to the movie's ending.

Kissing my mother fully on the lips I replied, "I already have mine," and kissed her some more.

Playfully pushing back from me she warned, "Before you get me going again, let's go upstairs to our Lover's Nest." Standing up, my doll extended her hand to me. I took her delicate hand and rose up. Following her out of the living room, we headed towards the stairs. Stopping before the base of the stairs, my doll bent over and picked at some invisible lint on the first step.

Standing directly behind her, I took mom's hips in my hands and pressed my rigid cock against her rump. Even with our clothes on, to be rubbing myself on her ass was breathtaking. She took hold of the second step and allowed me to mount her. Pressing her butt firmly with my stiffie, I dry humped her with wild abandon. Neither of us cared that the front door was only six feet behind me. Holding her with my right hand, my left reached forward and took hold of one of her world class tits. Squeezing its malleable flesh, I grinded my hard cock on her soft ass-checks. I couldn't take it anymore I had to have the real thing. I tried to peel off mom's panties.

She stopped me by standing back upright. "Wait until we get upstairs," she instructed. Like a gazelle, she sprang up the stairs; like the lion, I chased after my prey. I caught my prey when she fled into my room.

There she surrendered by taking me into her arms. She launched herself upon me, kissing me with reckless abandon. I wrapped my arms around her neck and it was now her turn to explore my body. As her tongue sought refuge in my mouth, my gazelle's paws reached under my tee shirt. Her

hands pawed at my flanks, her hands setting me on fire everywhere she touched my flesh.

Without delay mom yanked down my shorts and boxers in one fluid motion. Before my cock finished springing free from its captivity mom seized it in her hand. She yanked my prick a couple of times to make sure it was still firmly attached to me. Satisfied, my Queen knelt before her master. I watched with astonishment as she washed her face with my cock.

Along her cheeks, my cock graced; across her forehead, my cock danced; bouncing back and forth upon her nose, my cock sprang. With her chin, she stroked the underside of my cock. Her head arched back and the rim of my cockhead rested on her chin. Rolling her head forward, her jaw stroked my underside until her chin rested at the base of my cock. Arching her head back again, my cock slid along her chin. Opening her lips wide she effortlessly took me in her mouth.

To feel my mother's warm moist breath on my cock was phenomenal. With an amazing grace, her full luscious lips

wrapped themselves around my shaft. Reaching around my Queen took hold of my buttocks. Gently bobbing forward she slid down my cock taking more of me into her mouth. She was only able to take about half my length when I felt my helmet reach the back of her orifice. Holding her there, I felt her tongue massage my cock within.

Without thought, I placed my hands on her head combing my fingers into her hair. She looked up at me with those piercing eyes. Even with my cock in her mouth, she smiled at me. Gracefully she let my cock slip from her mouth until only the rim of my helmet held to her lips. Reversing direction, she sucked me in.

"Oh god mom, that feels sooooo good." I moaned. I held her head tighter to me. Her tongue rolled beneath my stick.

"Oh, Jesus Christ, oh god," I whimpered as her moist lips burned along my tool. "Oh my fucking god, mom," I prayed. With just my cockhead in her mouth, mom's tongue made love to my super-sensitive tip.

"Oh god that feels so fuckin' good," I said to those watching eyes as she again slid her wet lips on my aroused cock. Pausing with my helmet pressed into the back of her mouth, I playfully pushed her further. She responded by grasping my buttocks tighter.

Softly gagging, she pushed away from my pelvis and her lips seared along my rod. As soon as she reached my crown, mom quickly reversed direction. With a slow bobbing motion, my Queen jerked my cock with her lips.

Too soon, I could feel my orgasm threatening. Trying to pull her off my cock, I warned her pleading eyes, "I'm gonna cum if you keep doing that."

Instead of releasing her hold on my cock, mom tightened her lips on my enflamed flesh -- a devilish look of control washed across her face. One of her hands disengaged from my buttocks to take my sac in its grasp. Focusing on the feel of

her hand manipulating my sac, I fought with my body not to cum. Mom was no help.

"Oh my god, oh god," I appealed as she returned to her bobbing motion. I wanted to cum, I didn't want to. My body screamed for release, my mind yelled back, 'No.'

"Mom, I'm gonna..." I implored. Her warm hand on my sac, her hot lips on my crank had me in a frenzy. My Queen sucked on my cock with determination. My angel sucked on my cock with devotion. My mom sucked on my cock with enthusiasm.

Her hand rolled my marbles in their pouch; her lips glided upon my slickened shaft; her tongue frolicked beneath my cock. I couldn't take it anymore.

"Mom..." I besieged and my cum launched from its silo. As my semen storm troopers charged down my cock, mom ceased her bobbing and braced for impact. With just my helmet in her mouth, her lips milked me.

I came with gusto. My first shot fired followed immediately with a second, third, fourth blast. Mom took it like a veteran warrior. I fired a fifth and sixth shot; she absorbed the blows. Then the cavalry charged down my cock and the stampede of cum flooded into my mother's mouth. She took it all with an amazing grace even squeezing out the last few remaining stragglers with her hand from my emptied rifle.

"Oh my god mom, that was incredible." I wept as I held her head tight to maintain my balance. I was so spent I felt weak at the knees.

Releasing my cock from her mouth, mom looked like a pleased cherub. She gracefully fell back from her knees onto her ass. She sat there for a moment looking like a contented kitten. When I sensed she wanted up, I held my hand out and drew her off the floor.

"Did you enjoy that as much as I did?" She dumbly whispered into my ear, leaning her form upon mine.

Pushing back from me she asked, "Do you mind going out shopping with your mom? I hope you don't mind being seen with this old lady."

Looking at my angel who gleamed with satisfaction, wearing a cami with her tits threatening to escape from underneath and her boyshort panties, I knew I would have no problem parading my new trophy. Before I could answer, she laughed and hugged me tight. To answer her question I just simply kissed her and grabbed me some of that mighty fine ass of hers.

"I love you..."

Chapter Three

As I lay here in what has become Our bed, I allowed my mind to drift. I thought about the journey that got me to this point. I was lying on my front-side in only a comfy stretch cotton &

nylon black bra and panties. My elbows were beneath me propping me up as I rested my chin on my hands.

Woven into my hands was one of my lover's. My love was lying beside me. Actually, he was kinda propped up as he half-laid on his back and half sat upright. His upper back was atop a pile of pillows and his head rested on the headboard. My boyfriend wore only a somewhat matching pair of black boxer briefs. The upper body of a strong, young male was proudly on display. I love when he wore boxer briefs; they hug his luscious body unlike boxers yet don't have that ridiculous look of what kids today call 'Supermans' (briefs).

Since our union, we've become comfortable laying there with each other despite our state of partial undress. He was talking about something but I really wasn't paying attention to what he was talking about. I guess I should listen when my love shares with me but there's probably a whole list of things I should do. There's probably an even longer list of things I shouldn't do. At the top of that list would be taking my son as my lover!

Or did he take me as his lover?

It's been almost six months since that first night together yet I still remember it so clearly. Forgive me please as I reflect, that was the night I went from thinking of my son as Davis (his birth name) to "Dink" -- his preferred nickname. It was also the night I went from thinking of him solely as my son. It was the night when he became my love and my man.

I was always aware of Davis' attention toward me. I always thought it was a harmless crush he had on his mother. As an educated woman, I am aware that it is not unusual for a son to more than adore his mother. We are the first women they ever knew and we are their first loves. Having raised his older brother already, I've already experienced that eventually our little boys become men and outgrow us. We are replaced. I figured this would happen with Davis and was prepared for the day my son's attentions turned elsewhere.

Still I wasn't entirely innocent. Without a man in my life, or any I found desirable attracted to me, I had (or so I thought!)

allowed myself to indulge in a little harmless flirting with him, a little harmless teasing. Do you think I didn't notice that whenever Davis sat behind me and brushed my hair, he'd have to...ahem 'shift'? I savored his devotion; he'd so caringly brush out my hair that I would become turned on myself. Oftentimes, I'd worry that there was no way he could not smell my arousal.

No, I wasn't innocent, at all. Do you think I did not notice that any time I took off my blouse before him, his eyes would go all bug-eyed? Since it was only Davis and I in the house, we spent a lot of time together and had become casual around each other. We had settled into an occasional routine where after I got home from work Davis would join me in my bedroom. He would sit on my bed and listen as I decompressed from my job. I would stand before my dresser with my back turned to him. However, I was able to watch, with pleasure, his reactions in my dresser's mirror. I would remove my jewelry and undress, getting ready to take a shower and delighted to watch his hungry eyes. It felt nice to have a young man lust for me.

As I'd unbutton my blouse, do you think I did not notice the usually slick-tongued Davis suddenly fumble for words? He may have thought he hid it well but I watched him from the mirror. When I'd remove my blouse I'd see his eyes go bOOng! I loved the thrill of being able to arouse a handsome man; the fact that he was my son only added to the guilty excitement.

I loved having to ask him to unzip my dress or my skirt. Do you think I didn't notice the usually nimble fingered Davis would become all thumbs? I loved how after he helped me with the zipper and my dress or skirt would slip down around my hips and thighs, then fall to the floor he'd just stand dumbly behind me not knowing what to do with himself.

It may make me a horrible person but I relished the effect I had on my son. Many times, I had to hurry into my sanctuary -- the master bathroom as a result of his adoring attention. There, I'd be oh-so-thankful for that pulsating showerhead at the end of its flexible hose as I masturbated. Although I would try to deny it, it was often images of Davis that danced before my closed eyes. As the warm water did its wonders I would be

imagining it was Davis that touched me all over my naked body. I would often wonder if Davis was in his bedroom -- touching himself while fantasizing about me.

Still I thought what we had was harmless. That it was just mischievous fun for both of us, that neither of us would ever cross That Line. On the night when Dink made his move, I was totally and completely caught off-guard. It was so ingenious and delicate that I was not aware he was luring me into his trap.

It did feel marvelous to be touched by him in that way. The words he spoke hypnotized me; his hands paralyzed me. I just floated on a dream as he touched me with a gentleness I had never felt before. As he whispered in my ear, it was as if he sung me a lullaby. I felt as if I was clay in his hands and he could mold me any way he wanted.

As I floated along in my dreamy state, my conscience tried to tell me how wrong this was; how I must stop this; that he was my son and I am the mother. I just shushed my conscience

into silence and went back to luxuriating in the feelings he created within me. No other man had ever had this kind of effect on me! I wanted this moment to last forever. By his words and his touch I was blissfully aware he wanted me. His words and touch created the desired effect in me too; I wanted him too.

"So he's my son; what harm is there, in a little pleasure?" I dreamily thought. My conscience watched, muted, as I drifted along on my dream-cloud.

"MONICA," my conscious shrieked. I was so startled I jumped out of my skin. I watched with shame as my conscious took control of my body.

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING? I'm Your Mother! Go to Your Room and think about what you've done," it screamed at Davis. As I watched him flee, I wanted to run to him and tell him how sorry I was. My conscious forbade it.

I curled up my bed and cried. I cried from shame. I cried in frustration. I cried from anger. I cried in confusion.

'What am I going to do now?' I begged my conscious. I got no answer back. I still felt my body long from Dink's tender touch burning on my flesh even as my tears stung my cheeks. All cried out I drifted off to an uneasy sleep.

When I awoke, I felt like a fright and knew I probably looked even worse. In the shower, I grabbed my trusty showerhead. This time it brought me no relief, only more shame and frustration. As the hot water pulsed and vibrated over my body, I knew it was Dink I wished was touching me.

Quietly I opened my bedroom door and was relieved to see Davis' door firmly shut. Stealthily, I crept down the hallway hoping to avoid my son. Light as a bird, I flew down the stairs. Successfully I had reached the kitchen unobserved. Quickly I heated a Lean Cuisine dinner. Quiet as a mouse, I retreated to my room with it.

For some time, I argued with myself (or, rather, with my conscience) about what I was going to do, how the hell am I going to fix this, how could I make things right between my son and me. Once I and my conscience had come to accept the now-obvious truth about my feelings for Dink - and the fact that his feelings for me were obviously the same - the real 'battle' was won. Still, I knew that I would have to establish some rules before he and I took any more steps down this path.

With a pen and pad of paper, I sat upon my bed trying to figure out how I could justify a relationship with my own son. Next was to figure how to make it work and the rules that would be necessary. The rules I finally decided upon were:

1. Whatever happens between us has to stay between us; we can't tell anyone.
2. That no matter what happens between us, I am still his mother and the parent. He will respect that.

3. No matter what happens between us, it can only be in the house. No matter how affectionate we are here at home, we must behave ourselves when we are out. This would mean no touching or inappropriate behavior outside.

It took me a few more hours to work up the courage to knock on his door. When he didn't answer, I was tempted to flee back to my room. It was my chutzpa that ordered me to open it.

Page II

Thinking of that night brought a warm smile to my face. Returning from my reverie, I tugged ever so lightly on the hand that held his and looked my love in the eyes. Startled, he fumbled with whatever he was saying. I cheered that I still have that effect on him.

Joyfully pushing myself up, I landed on his chest. Laying my lips upon his, I was kissing my boyfriend. I smooched with my love. I was making out with my son.

As we were kissing, my love touched my back and shocks of passion ran through my body. He touched my lower back and my lust was burning. Never before have I been so sexually responsive. Just his slightest touch or kiss would set the butterflies fluttering in my stomach. Anything more than just the slightest touch or kiss and it were almost impossible for me to resist his charm. With nobody before had I been able to achieve an orgasm so quickly or so easily; just a few strokes from his hand, tongue, or cock and it was, 'Boom, there goes the fireworks!'

As my tongue sought refuge in his mouth, his hands were traveling lower and grabbed my bare butt-cheeks.

'Wait a minute!' you're saying to yourself. 'I thought she said that she was wearing panties.'

With my son's encouragement, I've begun wearing thongs. Previously, they always intimidated me. I thought they were only for young women, that at 46 I'm too old to be wearing

them; I feared I was too big for them, remember lingerie models are walking x-rays and I am not; I also presumed that there was no way they could be comfortable.

One day Dink and I were at Victoria's Secret. With his pestering encouragement, I bought a pair. I wished I could model them for him right there in the store. But with one of our rules being, 'No matter how affectionate we are at home, we MUST behave ourselves when we are out. That means no touching or inappropriate behavior outside'; I had to behave myself at the mall. To be perfectly honest I have more trouble following this rule than does Dink.

The benefit though was that I got to torment and tease him by making him wait. I knew he was eager to see how his 'old lady' looked in her new thong. But first, there were some things I needed done around the house and dinner needed to be cooked.

Satisfied with his devotion as he washed the pots and pans, I changed into my new outfit. After he finished, I modeled a

lace-trim thong and its matching revealing balconette bra for my son. The thong had a wide black lacey waistband, attached below was a leopard print patch in the front narrowing to a T in the back. Of course, he flipped out when he saw me in it and I had to beat him off me. After he assured me that my ass didn't look the size of a freight train he refused to appease me by saying that I didn't look like a cougar on the prowl.

Instead, he mauled me like a big-game hunter. He grabbed at me and I tried to resist by scampering out of his grasp. I playfully tried to slap his paws away from me but eventually he seized me. Laughing, we tussled and he tackled me to the floor. I discovered a perk of wearing thongs over other panties styles. Right there on the floor, my son took me. He just pushed the thin strip of material out of the way and mounted his trophy. That made me a believer.

I did discover that thongs are actually very comfortable. It took me only a day to get used to the T in the back instead of the elastic on the leg opening cutting lines across my ass. From then on, I prefer them to other panty styles, except for the occasional boyshorts that always wakes my love's sleeping

giant. I also love how I still feel attractive, even sexy when dressed in a conservatively cut pants suit. As the head of the accounting department of a regional supermarket, I sometimes have to attend boring as death meetings where a skirt is inappropriate.

Page III

As Dink was gripping my bare butt-cheeks tight, my lust flared even higher. Ending our kiss, I looked upon my son. "I luv you," I informed him. Before he could answer, I returned my lips to his. Sliding my body down his, I kissed his chin. I kissed his throat. I licked that hollow at the base of his neck.

I had reached my love's chest and I was marveling at its strength. Wrapping my arms around its breadth, I inhaled his scent. I could smell the vestiges of his cologne, the faintness of his body soap. Below all that was the scent of a man. Holding my man, I rubbed my face upon his might. I was trying to get every part of my face covered with his manliness. Across his chest, I rubbed my cheeks. I rubbed my forehead

against his pecs. I nuzzled my nose on his sternum. My chin drew along its outline. I was reveling in its power.

Davis had always been into weight training since that unfortunate incident got him sent to DFY. Nevertheless, since our becoming lovers he was really dedicating himself to his training. We now both go to the gym 3 or 4 times a week. Dink had gained 20 pounds in all the right places. Any boyishness residue he may have had had disappeared.

"Dink, I don't want you using steroids," I warned.

"Mom, do you think I'd take something that'll make my balls shrink when I have as fine a girlfriend as you?"

My own weight continued to hover around 128-134 pounds. Of course, I'd obsess about this even as my boyfriend would say, "Mom, I love the way you look. Do you not believe me?"

"By the way you walk around with a hard-on every time you're near me, I guess I have to believe you."

It was true that anytime I was near, he sprang to attention. Sometimes I thought that I would need to beat him with a stick to get him off me. I guess it was my fault though. Since we became lovers, I had become comfortable to walk around the house in just a bra and panties; and as my bras and panties became more lingerie and less underwear, how else did I expect a 21-year-old male to react.

My body continued sliding further down his body. Reaching my boyfriend's abs, I envied and hated him for how great his stomach looked. Without any effort, he had the faint outline of his abs muscles showing.

At the gym, I would use a stair climber or an elliptical machine and my eyes would wander to where my love was working out. I couldn't help it. Worse, I had to resist urge to go over there and watch him.

Once while I was weight training in the 'girlie' section, I kept looking over at him. My son was across the gym, in the 'big boy weight pit' of the gym. He had his shirt off and was doing a shoulder routine while he faced a mirror. My trainer noticed my glances.

"Thinking of taking that young one down, huh Monica? If you don't maybe I'll eat him up myself," the 20-something, young, hard-body joked with me. I knew what she meant. Was the cougar on the prowl she want to know. I'm a non-violent type. I've never been in a fight ever yet my urge was to smash Stephanie with the 5 Lbs. weight in my hand.

"Don't you think he's kind of too young for me? I mean he's young enough to be my son." I wondered what she would think if I dated someone like Dink.

"Monica if that was your son, you wouldn't have to go out looking for any when it's at home," Steph said in a strangely serious tone.

"You're joking, right?" I was oddly curious about her attitude. I was tempted to tell her that, in fact, he was my son and he had just fucked me silly last night.

"No, I'm serious. If I had a son like that, I'd keep him to myself. I wouldn't share him with anyone else." The rest of my workout I was pleased with the fact that was exactly what I was doing.

Page IV

Shaking my head of these stray thoughts, I focused on what I was doing in the present. I was licking my love's abs. Drawing waves, my tongue trailed down his young, firm, fine body.

"God, mom that feels good," my boyfriend complimented. Looking up at him I winked at him. I twirled my tongue along the edges of his belly button.

"My god that's good," praising me and placed a hand on my head, he gently guiding me further down his body. Following my lovers obvious longing, my tongue continued to dance down his lower abs until reaching the waistband of his black boxer briefs.

I loved the fact that the waistband didn't mold perfectly to his body. This was because his erect penis was pushing up the middle of the elastic waistband, creating this charming gap. I knew his hard cock was lying flat against his body. I knew I was the cause my son was so hard. I felt honored. I felt wickedly sinful. Using my chin, I followed the straight line his rigid pole made until I was lying comfortably between his legs. My chin was resting on that sensitive spot where his body transitions from his sac to the base of his cock.

His fingers began to delicately comb through my hair. The tingles his fingers were creating didn't have far to travel before popping off inside my skull. Looking at my lover earnestly I silently shouted, "I luv you."

Nestling my body into its rightful spot between my son's legs with my chin resting on his equipment I breathed in his scent. It was the reassuring aroma of a man, my man.

With my knees bent beneath my hips, my ass was cocked up at an angle inviting itself to anyone who may be standing behind me. Thinking about it, I chuckled.

"What?" my love asked, afraid he was the source of my amusement.

"I was just thinking about your trip to the Forbidden Zone," I contently purred.

"Yeah, that was pretty awesome, huh?" he agreed.

Since our first night together when he tried to stick a finger in my butt he has been obsessed with my Forbidden Zone. I had told him, "Sweetie, there'll be time to do that another time."

Since that time, he had lovingly and patiently waited for that time.

A few months ago, before the start of his new college semester I made a deal with my love. I promised, "Get straight A's this semester and you can get my A-hole." Davis has always been a good but not great student. With four 3rd year level college classes I figured my ass was safe from his invasion. I hadn't planned on how feverishly he would attack the books. His commitment to his studies would have seemed admirable, until you learned Dink's motivation was to sodomize his mother.

Last week, as his finals drew to a close I knew I would have to make good on my promise. I was proud of my son's dedication. I was afraid of my boyfriend's anal obsession. I was impressed by my love's success. Surprisingly, I found myself hesitantly eager to feel Dink probe my butt.

It had been years since the last time I had allowed anyone enter my Forbidden Zone. It's not that I'm opposed to anal

sex in general. In fact there have been many times that I've found it pleasurable; there have also been a few total disasters. Even one painful experience. That person had been my children's father. By then our relationship was collapsing. The only thing that kept us together (besides the kids) was the sex. Yet the sex was mostly angry sex or grudge fucking. The sex was an explosion of anger, lust, rage, hunger but after the sex, we still hated each other.

I cannot remember why I thought giving my ass up to my husband would fix our relationship but I did. He was a fantastic lover and that night he delivered the goods. It was the aftermath that ended our relationship. Although this wasn't the first time he invaded my Forbidden Zone after that night my husband only saw me as nothing but a slut, a whore, as trash. When he called me a prostitute that was it, I was done -- see ya in Divorce Court.

Last Tuesday as I got my body waxed at the spa these were the thoughts my conscious fed me. I tried to argue back that my son wasn't his father. I argued that Dink would always love me but my conscious was intent to browbeat me into submission. It was Ursula (my regular wax-girl, who's from Poland) who rescued me, "Monica, you are glowing. Tell me who is da new boyfriend?"

"I don't have anyone," I lied, as I lay on her table getting those unwanted hairs removed. I normally love the job Ursula does; somehow, she can yank hair from extremely delicate and ultra-sensitive parts of my body with barely a twinge. I felt more comfortable exposing myself to her probing hands than my gynecologist.

"Oh Veally?" Ursula yanked a strip of wax more forcefully than I ever felt before, "I can tell diz t'ings. Now do you Vish to keep lying to me?" Another strip was torn off my body.

"He's young," I confessed and the next strip was gentler. "Would you believe he's only 21? But he absolutely adores me.

According to him there's nothing I can do wrong," the next strip was even gentler.

"And the sex! You can imagine what a 21 year old can do." I barely felt her pull the strips. "Forget all the 'he can go all night' crap. What's incredible is how caring he is while we're fucking. It's as if all he cares about is my pleasure. Would you believe that sometimes I have to pull his head out from down there?"

Ursula just nodded as she brushed warm wax to a new spot. "I'm thinking about giving him some anal. Do you think I should?" I questioned.

"Does he love you?" she asked as she painted my leg with wax.

"God yes. To him, I'm his whole world."

"Do you love him?" I thought about it, I mean really thought about it. I loved Davis as a mother would love her son. In fact

being my baby and the black sheep, as a mother I tried to give him extra love. I was so proud of how he had gotten his life back on track. I wondered if he knew that I was more proud of him than his sister the veterinarian or his older brother who -- God bless and protect him and all our troops -- was a Marine. I felt guilty as I realized I loved Davis more than Jimmy but from early on Jimmy was able to take care of himself.

What my Polish inquisitor meant was did I love Dink. I obviously lusted for him. I loved our physical relationship. But were my feelings more than carnal? Many thoughts ran through my head and my conscious tried to chirp in. By the time Ursula had finished laying her strips of cloth used to pull the wax off and the wax had cooled, I had my answer.

"Yes, I do." I confessed. Ursula removed the next strip without me even feeling it.

"I t'ink you just answered your own question. Now, I can bleach you back there if you Vant?" my Polish confessor informed me.

"Do you think I need it?" I wondered. Ursula spread my cheeks to inspect.

Page VI

On Thursday, the grades were posted. As expected, Dink had received a 4.0 in all his classes. He presented me a devilish grin; my sphincter twitched in excitement, my anus clinched in fear. Saying there were a few things I had to do beforehand, we agreed that on Saturday he would "get to break through the Final Frontier."

Friday afternoon on the way home from work, I stopped off at the local pharmacy to buy an enema kit. I knew that if I was going to be parking my son's truck in my garage, I had to make space for it by cleaning it out. Saturday morning after serving my man his breakfast, I chased him out of the house

and told him not to come back before 4pm. I'm not going to go into detail about my using an enema except to say, 'Thank god my bathroom is big, spacious and comfortable enough to spend hours in.' Finally by 1 o'clock, I was empty and pristinely clean.

After a peaceful, relaxing shower, I threw on a pair of loose fitting cotton pajama bottoms. They were a simple affair, solid red with a wide white waistband; the most decorative part was the white laces in front, which are styled to resemble men's football pants. Up top, to hold my girls in place, I grabbed a Body by Victoria Full Coverage Bra. It's a comfy bra that's supposedly wild strawberry color and has a cute white bow in the middle. Dressed, I curled up on our bed and zonked out.

When I opened my eyes again, I was greeted by the sight of my sweetheart sitting at the end of the bed waiting for me to wake. As I shifted, yawned, and stretched my boyfriend rose and presented me a bouquet of flowers. As I inhaled their fragrance, I knew -- yes, I do love this man. I also knew I was eager for him to explore my Forbidden Zone.

"I gotta put these in water," I said appreciatively and made to get up to do so.

"Way ahead of you," my love said and pointed to an exquisite crystal vase I had never seen before that sat atop my nightstand. Next to it was a small sherry glass filled with the sweet wine.

"Did you buy this? It's gorgeous..." I complimented as I put my flowers in their new vase, "I can't believe you did all this."

"I only got a couple of things that reminded me of your beauty, although now next to you they both pale in comparison," my lover-boy replied.

Taking a sip of sherry, I ordered my son to "come here." He stood before me; I pulled his head down to my level. I kissed his lips in thanks for the gifts. Then I kissed his lips in

appreciation for his kind words. Pressing my tongue to his lips, he opened his mouth and I kissed him with love.

Already the butterflies fluttered in my stomach. Releasing my hold of him, I sipped the rest of the sherry. Fortified, I kissed him again, and again, and again. Lying back down, my head rested on my pillows. I pulled him atop me. To feel his weight on me set my passion afire. My pussy responded by becoming liquid.

By now, Dink knew how to touch my body. His left hand reached up and began to comb my hair. As his fingers wove their way through my hair and touched my scalp, I was his to do as he pleased.

I wrapped my arms around his back to pull him tight to me. I reached down and began to tug his t-shirt up his body. When it reached his chin, my love surrendered our kiss and allowed me to pull his shirt over his head and off his body. To feel his hot body upon my bare flesh was magic itself. My right hand

reached around his broad body and commenced to stroke his muscled back.

As his left hand continued to pet my head, his right hand worked its way down my body. Reaching underneath my waistband, it sought its target. When his hand found it, my love began petting another part of my body. As Dink's hand stroked my pussy, I sighed with appreciation. Just his touch sent charges of desire coursing through me.

I wanted to feel his mouth on my special place. I brought my hands up and placed them on the top of his head; I pushed him down my body. Automatically my lover knew what I craved. Liberating his lips from mine, he crawled over my body to settle between my spread legs. Placing his hands on the sides of the waistband of my pajama bottoms, I lifted my hips for him. Deftly he removed them from my body.

My son lay between my legs and admired his mother's exposed pussy. Craning my neck, I looked down at my lover and was rewarded with him looking back at me. Placing my

hand upon his head, I guided him to my wanting pussy. I watched as his lips kissed my pussy lips. It was immediate ecstasy. Using his tongue, he treated me with long caresses along my slit. When his tongue penetrated me, I pressed his head tighter to me. I thrust my hips against his face driven by desire to get every bit of his tongue inside me.

"Oh god, oh god yes," I thanked the heavens.

"Oh god, lick me," I pleaded. His hands reached under my butt cheeks and lifted me even tighter to him.

"Oh, Ooh, Oooh Gaawd yes," I cheered as my son ate my pussy. I was ready for him to probe me further.

Reluctantly, I disengaged him from my pussy by grabbing a handful of his hair. Pulling his head up so I could look at him.

"Have you ever done this before?" I inquired.

"Kinda, once with Bianca [an old ex-girlfiend]," he confessed, "but we messed it up, I think."

"What happened?" I asked with curiosity.

"After I had greased up my cock and started jamming it in, she yelled that it hurt too much and made me stop."

I laughed at my son's ignorance. He looked wounded at my mirth. "That's why I love you, you're so stupid," and I laughed some more.

"Now follow my instructions and I'll enjoy this as much as you. Ok?" He looked cheered by the fact that his mother was going to properly teach him how to sodomize a woman.

"It's easier and more comfortable for a woman if you start from the missionary position. Remember that," I instructed. Reaching over to the nightstand, I handed him the tube of lubricant that already was there. [As a 46-year-old woman, I

sometimes need help to keep up with a 21 year old!] I draped my legs over his shoulders, which raised my hips up and exposed more of myself to him.

"Ok, keep doing what you were doing and just rub some of the lube on my buttohole..." I tutored my pupil. "...until it has gotten nice and slick." Dink proved to be a willing student.

Returning his mouth to my pussy, I felt the tip of his forefinger gently touch my sphincter. As he rubbed my Forbidden Zone, it tickled so wonderfully. I felt the lube warm from my overheated body. Soon my entire sphincter was greased and I was eager for more.

I pulled my lover's head up to my clit and he sought it out. Taking it into his mouth, he gratifyingly flicked its nub with his tongue. "Ok sweetie, finger my pussy with your other hand." He obeyed and I reveled in the feelings his tongue and fingers created.

"Spread some lube on your finger and gently put it my butt." My body detected the tip of his finger try to invade my anal cavity, it resisted. I tried to will myself to relax and gritted my teeth as his finger forced its way in.

Panting, "Ok, just hold it there..." I pleaded when his fingertip was inside my anus, "...you'll feel when my ass loosens up then slowly keep sliding your finger in." He kept his ministrations towards my pussy and I savored the feel of his tongue making love to my clit.

Then I felt his finger travel further up my asshole. No longer resistant, my Forbidden Zone welcomed his intrusion. To feel my son's finger up my ass and another in my cunt was the ultimate sin. When his finger was fully inserted in my butt I thought, 'Yup, it's now a fact -- I'm going to hell.' I chuckled to myself at this thought.

"Oh, that feels so good. I want you to start slowly fingering my asshole as you finger my pussy." And Dink proved why he was able to get straight A's last semester.

"Urgh, Ooh, ugh, oh yes," I cried as, at first, he alternated slipping a finger into my pussy or my asshole. After a while, we both felt my backdoor loosen even more.

"Oh my god," I growled as he began to finger my body with both fingers in unison. It was truly shamefully incredible to have my son penetrating both my pussy and ass at the same time.

"Oh god that's it, finger my asshole; oh god, make my pussy sing. Oh god, I'm going to hell for this," I confessed. I'd never felt so wrongly good.

"Ok, I want you to start working a second finger in my ass." My student withdrew both fingers from my body. I felt empty waiting as he lubed up both fingers

"Urrrggghhh...aah," I cried as my love worked both his fore and middle finger into my asshole. I panted with relief as he paused after getting the tips of both fingers inside me.

"Suck my clit," I begged as wanton lust surged through me. My ass loosened and I felt my boyfriend's fingers travel up my anal cavity. It was a naughty delight to feel my Forbidden Zone being stretched to accept his probing fingers.

"Now finger fuck my asshole," I commanded. My apprentice followed my orders.

"Spread my asshole so I can take that big dick of yours," I demanded. I could feel it as he worked at spreading his fingers apart, opening me up further for his impending anal invasion.

"Urgh god, that's it...urgh god yes," I growled as my son violated me with his fingers. The feelings that came from down there had my mind swirling. Laying my head back on the pillow, I stared at the ceiling and enjoyed the ride he gave me.

I couldn't take it anymore. I was ready for the real thing. Pulling my son's head from my pussy, I looked him in the face. "Are you ready to fuck your mom in her asshole?" he just gave me a beaming smile that said, 'I luv you, mom.'

"Grease that fucking thing up and get ready." Faster than lightning, my young beginner stood beside the bed naked. I watched with devilish joy as he rubbed lubricant on his rigid cock. As it started to glisten, I felt a twinge at the thought that mighty cock would be shoved up my asshole. My lust overruled my fear.

Grabbing my legs, he spun me 90 degrees and pulled me to the edge of the bed without being told. Taking me by my ankles, he spread me wide. I placed my left hand on his chest to brace myself. My right hand reached between us and took possession of his slicked cock. To hold him in my hand drove home the reality that my son was about to fuck my asshole.

I guided his cock to my Forbidden Zone. When his cockhead touched my puckered hole I trembled with fear. My butt twitched with excitement.

"Remember sweetie, it's like you're starting all over again. Go slowly and let me get used to it, ok?" My Sodomite answered by gently but forcefully pressing his cock against my sphincter. Slowly he pushed and entered my Forbidden Zone. I felt as if he was splitting me in half and I growled in acknowledgement of this fact.

Finally, his cockhead cleared and my asshole clasped down on his shaft. With both hands on his chest, I pushed against him to signal to for him to hold there.

"Oh my god," I gasped between my heavy breathes, "It feels like..."

"A fucking truck..." I panted, "...just entered my ass." Looking up at my lover, he beamed like all men do when you tell them

they are packing a big gun. This time, it did feel like a truck had crashed into my rear-end.

I brought my left hand down from his chest to caress my pussy. Stroking my treasure sent warm feelings and waves of pleasure through my body. As my middle finger skillfully entered my pussy I mewed, "Aah that's nice." My Forbidden Zone adjusted to its invasion and began to relax. Loosening the tension my hand held on his chest, Dink began to slowly violate me further. His cock worked its way up my ass and I welcomed the sensations he created. After an eternity, my lover was fully in my ass and I felt packed beyond capacity.

"Come here," I begged my love and he bend down to me. I wrapped my arms around his neck and pulled him the rest of the way to me. I kissed my sweetie with the bliss I was suffering. As we kissed, he began to withdraw from my ass. It was a twisted feeling as I thrilled with the emptying feeling yet I craved him inside me too. Stopping when his cockhead only remained in me, he paused. I panted with carnal hunger.

"Oh fuck yes, oh fuck, that's it," I cheered as he shoved his cock back inside me, "Oh my fucking god." With him fully in my ass, I felt full and complete again. As he withdrew again, I could feel my backdoor loosen and began to crave his cock.

"Oh, Oh, Oh that's it, Oh yes!" I hailed as my young learner slid his cock into my now welcoming butt. I pulled him tight to me loving the feel of his body on mine. I loved the feeling of his cock up my ass. I reveled in the shameful pleasure.

"Are you ready to fuck my asshole? I want you to fuck my ass," I ordered and held on as my lover followed my commands. With each thrust my asshole relaxed its grip and urged his cock into me. As he fucked in and out of my asshole, my love's pelvis grinded on my pubic mound. Waves of bliss crashed over me. My mind floated on a cloud of ecstasy as my son continually violated my anus. I knew I was going to hell and embraced that fact.

"That's it, fuck my ass," I insisted, "Yeah fuck your mom's ass. Yes that's it, fuck mom's asshole. That's it, oh god yes, I'm going to hell for this."

"How's it feel to be fucking your mother's asshole?" I yelled into his ear. My son's only answer was to keep grunting and thrusting.

"How's it feel to be sodomizing your mom? Yes keep it up, keep riding my asshole." My ass screamed with profane enjoyment feeling him sliding in and out of my former Forbidden Zone. It was pure magic to feel his cock tunnel into my rectum. With my son's muscular body atop me, I hungered for his flesh. I sank my teeth into his trapezius. This only spurred my young lover's ardor and I had to hold on as he plowed his cock into my ass.

Releasing my bite, I gasped for breath and grunted with joy on his every penetration. I loved the feeling of Dink's body against mine. I could feel the sweat his exertion created dropping onto my own sweaty body. His pelvis continued to

rub on my pubic mount and whenever he rubbed across my excited clit lightning raced through me.

As his cock hammered my ass, I danced on a cloud of depraved pleasure. I began to feel my young stud slow down. I could hear his labored breaths. I could feel his lungs expanding, seeking more oxygen. I saved my student from himself.

"Hold up..." I begged between my own labored breathing, "...sweetie. I need..."

"...a break." I pleaded. My Sodomite stopped his motion, his cock still buried in my ass. He released my legs and I let them drop. Grabbing the edge of the bed to brace himself, my ace student almost collapsed upon me. Scooching my butt back, I disengaged his wonderful cock from my ass. I kept scooting back until I was about in the middle of the bed. I just lay there on my back my arms stretched out like a T, staring at the ceiling breathless. My mind floated on a cloud of decadent pleasure as my ass sang from being deliciously violated.

As oxygen returned to my lungs, I noticed motion. Looking over my body I saw my young stud standing upright, his cock still erect and shined with my ass-juices. I had never seen a more beautiful and welcoming sight. Reaching over, I grabbed a pillow. Pulling it to me, I rolled over to my front side. Tucking the pillow under my forearms, I slid my knees under me. In this crouching position, I offered my ass to my son.

Looking back, I watched as my Sodomite bent down to the floor. With most of his body hidden from view, I wondered what the hell was he doing. When he stood back up, he held his cellphone. He pointed it towards me. Confused, it took me a moment to figure out what he was doing.

I couldn't believe it! The bastard had just taken a picture of my exposed backside. "Let me see," I demanded and my obedient son handed me his phone. Looking at the picture, it was a close-up of my butthole and pussy. You could see the puffy redness and slickness on the rim of my asshole. You could also see that it was wantonly open about the size of

dime. Below that was my pussy, engorged with lust and shimmered from leaking its own juices. I felt strangely proud of the sight. I felt scandalously pleased with the picture. Handing back his phone I joked, "You should send that to your father."

I think the silly bastard actually did! Tossing the phone the floor, my young learner climbed on the bed to join me. Standing over my body, he straddled me; his feet were in-line with my shins. Squatting down, he glided his rigid sword into my eager butt. I was amazed at how easily my ass welcomed his return. To be stuffed with his cock up my ass as my son loomed over me was a degenerate's paradise.

I grunted with passion when he grabbed a handful of my hair. Pulling it taut to give him better balance, my young stud returned to violating my Forbidden Zone. In my compacted form, it felt as if every time his cock tunneled into my ass that it should be touching the base of my throat. I giggled at the mental image of my son's cock reaching so deep inside me.

"Urrgh god," I commended my pupil, "that's it."

"Urrrghhh that feels soooo good," I cheered my star student.

"Oh my fucking god," I encouraged my stud as his cock danced in and out of my ass.

"Aah god, ooh yes, that's it, that's it," as my lover's hips drove down on my butt-cheeks.

I bucked my hips up at him and tossed my head. I loved the feel of his loins on me and his hand holding my hair tight. I reveled in the immoral ecstasy my son was giving me. My mind cavorted from the knowledge that I was the cause of his sinful pleasure. My Sodomite held tight to me and through labored breathing and grunts, I knew he was loving our immoral dance as much as I was.

"Oh fuck," he called out.

"Oh fuck yes," he proclaimed.

"Oh fuck..." he professed, "...I'm gonna cum."

"Let me feel you cum in my ass," I told my lover, "cum deep in my ass."

He grunted with another thrust; grunt and another thrust; then he lunged into me, burying his cock deep into my ass. I felt his cock swell and then a warm liquid flooded into my ass. I felt his cum rush into my anal cavity and inundate me. My Sodomite kept his cock buried deep in my ass until he emptied.

I felt his body relax and the tension on my hair lessened. His knees bent, his cock withdrew from my absolutely desecrated Forbidden Zone and he slumped down to almost fall or collapse onto his butt. After he released my hair, I was free to look back and saw my exhausted student sitting up right with his legs spread out before him.

Stretching out my legs out, I laid out my exhausted, content and thoroughly sodomized body. Crossing my arms underneath my chest, I rested my chin on the bottom left corner of my pillow. Relaxing, I enjoyed the feelings my violated body was transmitting to my mind. I felt my heart rate and breathing return back from the stratosphere they had been orbiting in during out sexcapade.

I felt the bed move and my Sodomite rested his hot, sweaty body against mine. He was lying on his back and his head covered on the pillow we shared. Turning my head, I was rewarded with the sight of my love gazing at me.

"I luv you," I softly whispered. He smiled and my heart leapt with joy.

"I love you more," he challenged. Draping my right arm across his still heaving, sweat-soaked chest, I pushed myself up to him. I kissed him. Holding me to him, he kissed me back and his left hand tunneled its way through my tasseled hair to

caress the back of my skull. Unbelievably as his fingertips touched me the butterflies in my stomach fluttered. I could not believe the pleasure this man can give me. The happiness my lover gave to me. Releasing our kiss, I rested my chin on the right-side of his chest.

I smiled at my son and placidly closed my eyes...

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Opening my eyes, I found that I had returned back to the present from such a captivating and splendid memory. My butt still resonated from the absolute through violation of my Forbidden Zone he had delivered upon me. Lust and passion surged through my veins. My chin was still resting on the base of my gorgeous love's cock and I was still crouching between his legs. Wanton desire raced through my mind clouding any coherent thought. My knees were bent beneath my hips, my ass was cocked up at an angle inviting itself to anyone who may be standing behind me.

Looking up along his young luscious body, I saw his eyes looking back at me. I smiled back at my son. With tangled thoughts I wondered aloud, "What am I going to do with you?"

Chapter Four

MONDAY

It's now been awhile since my mother and I became intimate. In fact, we no longer live as a constantly horny son and his super sexy mom but as a couple; she is my cougar of a wife and I am her young boy-toy husband. Even so, we were excited to be taking our first vacation together. As a gift for my 21st birthday, Monica had booked us a 3-day weekend at a luxurious spa & resort.

The plane ride was both fun and torture. This was because mom was wearing a red satin blouse that was light weight and semi-sheer. Beneath that she wore a blatantly visible black bra that did a marvelous job of displaying her ample cleavage,

which she proudly showed by leaving the top few buttons of her blouse open. Along with that she wore a tight fitting black pencil style skirt that ended on her delectable calves and a pair of cute black open-toed pumps that had a 4 inch heel to them. Worse, mom knew the effect she was having on me, "What's wrong sweetie? Someone all ready to go but got nowhere to go to?"

She laughed watching me having to adjust the raging hard-on I had. Since I was sitting in the window seat with her on the aisle a couple of times she smiled and said, "Here let me help." Reaching over she touched me only enough to make to my agony worse.

After a while I was finally able to doze off only to receive a sharp elbow in my ribs. Opening my eyes mom was cupping and bouncing her pendulous breasts in her hands, she asked, "Dink, do you think your mom's boobs are too big?"

My eyes just simply popped out of my skull. After picking them up from the floor and replacing them back in my skull,

she just laughed and said, "Ok, now go back to sleep." Yeah right as if that was gonna happen! Instead I tried to read some from my Ipad yet that proved to be impossible too. Mom was using the e-reader feature of her Ipad yet every few moments she'd wickedly, lusciously lick her lips or would turn and upon making eye contact smile an' wink at me or anything else she could subtly do to arouse and torment me.

"You are gonna pay when we get there," I warned but all in all it was a four hour flight of teasing hell.

When the plane finally landed and the shuttle van came to pick us up we discovered there were three other couples joining us; two middle-aged husband and wife types and an old-timer with what seemed to be his trophy wife. Mom whispered in my ear, "She's cute, I wonder if those are real?"

The 20 minute shuttle ride was uneventful as we were in one of the middle rows so my 'wife' was forced to behave properly. Arriving at the resort we headed over to the check-

in counter. There the desk clerk looked at us suspiciously as I announced, "Mr. and Mrs. Prodigal checking in."

After typing a few things into the computer he said, "I'll need to see some ID." I dug my wallet out and handed him my driver's license. Looking at it he snidely said, "I'll need to see yours also ma'am." Mom gladly produced hers from her purse and when he saw that her license announced that she was 'Monica Prodigal' the desk clerk's look of derision and almost contempt changed quickly to respect and admiration. Handing us back our licenses he subtly gave me a head-nod that said, 'Congratulations for bagging that cougar.'

(If you are wondering, after my parents divorced almost 15 years ago my mother never changed back to her maiden name which allows her and I to portray being a married couple without getting Johnny Law involved.)

The bellhop on the other hand just openly ogled my mom. After the desk clerk announced we'd be staying in room 214, he just gave me a smirk of admiration. I think he would've

given me a fist bump if both the desk clerk and my mom weren't standing there looking at us.

At our room, the bellhop gave us a quick tour which basically amounted to pointing out these two doors are closets; this is the bathroom, where there was a separate shower and a full-size hot tub; and that the French doors opened to a balcony that ran the full-length of the building and overlooked a ginormous pool and beyond that a 9 hole golf course. Giving the bellhop a tip, I hurried him out the door but he got his fist bump and nodded his head with a knowing smirk which both annoyed me and made me proud. Shutting the door and turning around, Monica held out her arms and asked, "Well, what do you think?"

"Beautiful, absolutely stunning," and mom smiled because she knew I wasn't talking about the room or the resort. Perhaps I'm biased but to me my wife is a pure sexpot and even more so since we became a couple as she has finally become confident and sometimes even proud of her looks.

Even at 46, Monica still has long jet black hair without a single grey in it. She likes to wear it simply with a part in the middle or just a bit off to the side and allowing it to cascade down to frame her lovely soft feminine face before washing over her shoulders to end mid-way down her back.

Her strongest facial feature are her vivid ice blue eyes. With her raven locks and soft pink skin tone they seem to almost glow. She's always been aware of their power and uses them to her advantage. Once she locks those blue diamonds on you it is as if you are spell-bound. Hypnotized, it is impossible to look away.

Her other great facial feature is her smile. Botox free, her whole face, and maybe even her whole body, smiles. When she smiles, which nowadays is often, it is a comfortable fun smile that makes you wanna smile with her. The corners of her mouth lift pushing up her cheeks, while her eyes open wider and eyebrows rise.

I guess you would describe her face as a blend between heart-shaped and square. I've always loved that my mother has a petite chin that somehow seems separate from her soft jaw, as if attached later. This is because she has a U shaped line that defines her chin from her smooth jaw.

Rising from there are her beautifully kissable lips. Not overly full or plump they seem to be perfect for her smile, especially when she shows her shining white teeth. And when Monica smiles her full fleshy cheeks become even more pronounced. I love to run my fingers over the delicate skin of her face and delight that she purrs with pleasure as I do so.

Lying when she claims to be 5'4, I'd guess she is closer 5'2. Her weight hovers in the one thirties, yet since we became lovers and even more so as a couple she has stopped being so neurotic about it. Knowing how much I enjoy and love her body Monica has started to grow comfortable and displays her new found confidence.

Mom used to have a bizarre attitude towards her breasts. She felt they were too big; that they made her top-heavy. She'd complain about how she sometimes had to get her blouses tailored so that the middle didn't pucker open after she buttoned it. She'd gripe about how at the gym she had to work extra hard on her chest muscles to "prevent my boobs from sagging." She used to grumble about how she has to rub lotion every night so that she doesn't get stretch marks. She likes to joke, "When they're this big they're not tits, they're boobs."

Now she knows how much I love and am sometimes fixated with her boobs. With that her attitude has changed and she uses her boobs and body to her advantage teasing, entrapping and ensnaring me.

If you want me to tell you that Monica has a 24 inch waist to go along with her 38D boobs I'm sorry but this is reality. She has a 30 inch waist that compliments her big bust and full, thick 38-40 inch hips. My mom, my lover, my wife is far from fat or even overweight. She is the definition of thick. She exercises regularly and that shows in her legs.

Her thighs are strong and powerful, thus are full and well-shaped. The same goes to her butt. No one would accuse her being a wide-load or a wide-ass yet she also doesn't have a tiny hiney. I think the skirt she was wearing today was a perfect example. Snug and tight-fitting, it molded deliciously to her hips and well-shaped ass before flowing down over her legs to end on her shapely calves.

The one body part she's always liked are her calves. From years of wearing heels, they are developed and well-shaped, flaring out before gliding down to her thin ankles. She laughs and says, "Thank god, no cankles!"

And so with that gorgeous smile she stood there with her arms open. Coming across the room I took my lover in my arms, I embraced my wife, I hugged my mom and pressing my lips to hers kissed her with all the raging passion I felt. She wrapped her arms around me and we squeezed each other tight. She sighed her lust and I opened my mouth to receive her desire.

With her lips open, her tongue was free to explore and that it did. First it reached out and traced a circle around my lips. Reaching down and grabbing two handfuls of ass, I pulled her up to me. Her tongue ventured further licking my teeth and my tongue reached out to welcome her to me. When our tongues touched it felt as if we were re-unified, a mother and her son, a man and his woman, one love.

With practiced experience I was able to expertly unzip her skirt without the delays, hitches or holdups that used to hinder me. That task completed I began tugging her blouse out from her skirt as her tongue pressed an' pushed upon mine and I granted her greater access to my mouth. With that, the tip of her tongue touched the sensitive tender small ridge behind the back of my teeth and a quiver ran through my body

Feeling me yanking her blouse from her skirt, the doll she is, my love began unbuttoning it for me. By the time I had freed her blouse from her skirt and successfully tugged her skirt over her hips and down to the floor, mom had finished unbuttoning her blouse. In a wide, almost flamboyant way she

opened her blouse and revealed herself to me. Shedding her blouse with a spell-binding smile she asked, "Do you like?"

There stood my Queen in that black bra that had tormented me on the plane; and a beautiful and sexy bra it was. With smooth, seamless solid panels, it had a floral mesh imprinted over it and a tiny, dainty ribbon in the middle. Since it only held the bottom outer 2/3rds of her bosom, her top inner third was even more on display than just the wonderful cleavage she was taunting me with earlier. She was wearing the matching mouth-watering boyshorts -- and if I have to explain why boyshorts are sexy you wouldn't understand anyway.

If I had been cartoon character my eyes would've popped out of my skull held on only by their optic nerve, my jaw would be on the floor, my tongue rolling further out and steam shouting out my ears. This wasn't the first, tenth and 100th time I've seen my mom dressed like this or wearing less but every time is enrapturing on its own. The best I could do was to just dumbly nod my head. Like a savage I grabbed her,

pulled her to me and buried my face in her bosom. She just giggled with delight.

With my tongue hanging out of my mouth I began rolling my head up an' down her massive cleavage and she laughed at my eagerness. Curling my head I was able to climb up her mountains but also getting a tongueful of bra sometimes. Laughing some more she pulled my head from her and urged me to, "hold up."

Reaching behind her back, she opened and removed her bra easier than any man ever could -- even when we're standing behind them. Seeing my mom's bare boobs made me so hard my teeth ached. They are big, full, and breathe taking. Being all real, God-given, Monica's boobs have a natural pear shape, with more of the mass at the bottom. All of that work at the gym she complains about has paid off, as they only had some sag. The sag that existed in fact added to their sexiness, since it created about a two inches of underboob. Her nipples and areola are a soft lavender, and I adore the smallness of them. They were only a little bigger than a quarter, imagine

flattening a quarter and there you are. Her buds were poking out almost shyly.

Cupping them, her small feminine hands weren't enough to hold half of them. She lifted and squeezed them together offering them to me. I couldn't resist but to bury my face in her boobs and go motorboating. As my head shook side to side yodeling away, she giggled with delightful glee and her whole body shook with joy

Finally I replaced her hands with my own and still I was only able to hold little more than half. I've heard the expression, 'More than a handful is a waste,' but whatever fool said that never got to play with my mom's boobs. Lowering my head I sucked my love's breast, I sucked my wife's tit, I sucked my mom's boob into my mouth and she loudly sighed her appreciation.

Opening my mouth wide I tried valiantly to get it all in and Monica helped by taking hold of my head and feeding me her boob to suckle on. As my mouth administered my love to her

left boob, my right hand expressed my admiration by grabbing a whopping handful and squeezing her warm, pliant, delectable flesh. With pleasure she moaned, "Oh god, Dink."

"Oh Dink that feels so good," she breathily purred as my tongue made love to her nipple. From experience I've learned that my wife enjoys the contrast I deliver to her breasts. Mom savors the ecstasy that I can create as I maul one of her boobs and cherish the other. And so my tongue tenderly caressed her erect, hard sensitive nipple plying my tongue back an' forth as my right hand grabbed handfuls of boob-flesh and squeezed, bounced and played. After a moment my hand got trapped in her sag and I playfully played 'bounce the big boobie.' I relished feeling her giggling and chuckling at my silliness. Pulling me off her breast she chimed, "Oh Dink, you're so silly. I luv you."

She kissed me and her lips were hot with wanting desire. As we kissed she started tugging at my shirt. Lifting my arms I allowed her to pull it off before returning my lips to hers. Kissing, my left hand landed on her inner thigh and without

subtlety traveled north. She opened her legs for me and soon my hand reached to the Promised Land. Drawing my fingers over her panties she wantonly sighed, "Oh Dink. Oh babe. Oh god that feels good."

With that I knew what must be done. I knelt down before my Queen yet first I pulled her to me and swirled my tongue around her belly-button. Grabbing my head she hooted, "Oh god Dink you are so wicked."

Yet it was my mom who hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her boyshorts and pushed them off, exposing her smooth hairless pussy to her son. Now I may be biased but I believe my wife has a beautiful pussy. When excited her whole pubic mound gets puffy leading down to her prominent outer pussy lips which gives her a well-defined camel toe. The opposite is true of her inner pussy lips, they are small and shy barely peeking out from over her vulva. What this means is that even at 46 her pussy is still petite and tight with no 'roast beef'.

Still if she wished to call me 'wicked' I'd prove it, plus she still needed to be punished for her antics on the plane. Turning her so that she faced the dresser and its full-length mirror I took her right leg and placed it atop the dresser. To maintain her balance she was forced to lean forward and brace her arms atop the dresser to do so. The result was that with me beneath her she was fully exposed to me and helpless to do anything but hold on to the ride I was about to give her.

(As a side note, some women tend to be quiet during sex while some are quite vocal and loud. Monica leans towards the former in that she moans and mutters a lot. Even when chatty it's usually through breathily sighs and whimpers. So even when she is mumbling it's usually no louder than a breathless whisper.)

"Oh god Dink," mom sighed as I licked her pussy and tasted her juices. To feel her again on my tongue was divine.

"Oh, oh, ooh, ooh," she purred as I licked her using the broad of my tongue and with each lick I could taste more of her

juice. Her juice has a sweet tartness that just summons you to want to sample more and that is what I did.

"Mmm," she sighed with pleasure. Rolling my neck, I alternated going up just off center on the right and then on the left. Mom quickly got with the program swaying her hips and I was licking her full pubic mound from the outer edges of her puffy outer pussy lips to sometimes going straight up her trench. Each lick produced a different vocal tone so it seemed as if I was playing a musical instrument with my tongue and her body.

"Ooooh god Dink," she whined as her pussy was now so covered with my saliva and her juice that it was dribbling down her leg and dripping between her legs. With her right hand she grabbed a handful of my hair, holding me mushed upon her pussy. I gladly smothered myself in my love's pussy, rubbing her all over my face and inhaling her fragrance. In a soft whisper she moaned, "oh babe, oh gaa..."

"aah... Mmm... aah," she moaned as I penetrated her warm, moist tasty inner folds. Pressing my tongue in further, I explored her womanhood. She held me tight and urged me on, "Oh Dink, oh Dink, oh Dink..."

As my tongue, mouth and head were busy on my wife's pussy my hands weren't idle. Monica needed to be punished for her earlier tormenting of me. Keeping her preoccupied with my mouth and tongue I covertly opened one of the hotel sized bottles of baby oil I had earlier swagged out of the bathroom. Tickling the top of her pussy with the tip of my nose, I got the cap off and was able to dip the tip of my forefinger into the bottle.

With my tongue I searched through her folds until I found her clit. Successful I sucked it into my mouth and she emitted a loud inhale of breath. Joyfully I flicked the pearl on the tip of her stem with my tongue and she tightened her grip on my head as her whole body swayed. But I was just getting started.

"Oh my god, ohmygod, ohmygod, ohmygod, What Are You Doing?" she playfully wondered as my fingertip began to tickle her backdoor. While this isn't the first time I've ventured into her Forbidden Zone, it was the first time I had uninvited. Sucking even harder on her pussy mound I drew more into my mouth and she was forced to loudly exhale her pleasure even as I continued to caress and massage her Forbidden Zone. Flicking my tongue, I played back an' forth, over an' around her pearl and her body danced for me including atop my fingertip. "Oooh Dink, ooh gawd,"

"What are you doing to me?" she groaned as I reloaded my finger with oil and simply held it steady pressed upon her backdoor. I continued to play with her clit and now brought my right hand up to her pussy. Using the pad of my fingertip, I stroked her slit once, twice, a third time. "Oh god Dink put it in me, put it in me."

"Aaargh...Yes," she cried out as my left forefinger began tunneling up her ass. Whether that's what she was pleading for or not, that's what she was gonna get. I paused when my finger reached the first knuckle and she was breathing hard

and heavy. After a couple more deep breaths she surprised me and caught me off guard by actually sitting down on my hand! My left finger easily slid up her ass and my right forefinger penetrated and slid up into her pussy until she was resting my hands.

I think she knew she surprised me because as she sighed her pleasure it certainly sounded like there was a hint of a laugh with it and a giggle as her body shook. Still I had her where I wanted her. Releasing my clasp of her clit, I leaned back so that I had the best seat in the house as I prepared to watch one finger sliding in an' out of my mom's ass and another slip in an' out of my wife's pussy.

"Oh baby, oh baby, oh baby," she purred as at first my fingers went to work opposite of each other. Something caught my eye and turning my head I saw Monica looking at me in the mirror. She was also watching and enjoying the show. Making eye contact she smiled and lustfully winked at me. I took that as my cue to start working my fingers in unison. Now both of my fingers were sliding in an' out of her pussy and ass

together. Her purring changed to a hard breathy groan of, "Oh, oh, oh, oh"

To add to her pleasure I shook my fingers and my love had her own living vibrator. She expressed her gratitude and satisfaction by moaning, groaning and sighing as she rode atop my hands. Turning my head back towards the mirror, we looked at each other. Maintaining eye contact I went to work at bring her to cum which I knew wasn't far away. I increased my pace and soon her breathing quickened to short hard breaths. Tossing her head I could see the sweat building on her forehead and stray strands of hair stuck there. I could also see a flushness developing in her cheeks and the top of her chest.

With hard, heavy short breaths she was now bucking herself upon my hands as much I was fingering her. In the mirror we maintained eye contact and she started blinking rapidly. And then her head rolled back as she released a powerful sigh of ecstasy as her orgasm swept her up. Her body both stiffened and turned to putty. Her sphincter squeezed tight upon my

finger while her pussy spasmed on the other quivering as a rush of heat washed over us.

Releasing her hold on my head she leaned heavily upon the dresser and perhaps unaware buried me in a face full of sopping wet pussy. With heavy deep breaths she softly muttered, "Oh god... oh god... oh my god... oh gaah... oh... oh..."

As my mom recovered from her orgasm, I got to my feet and stood behind her. Unbuckling my pants, in fluid one motion I dropped them and my boxers to my feet and kicked them outta the way. Running my hands along her luscious ass-cheeks, she turned back and I kissed my love. Unsurprisingly she started to lick my face clean enjoying the taste of herself. "Mmm, babe I love you."

"Oh god yes," she softly whispered as I lined my cock up with her inviting pussy. She made to drop her leg down from the dresser but holding it with my right hand I shook my head 'no' to her reflection in the mirror. Aligned, I thrust my hips and my cock penetrated with ease into her warm, velvety soft

welcoming pussy. With a sharp intake of breath, she then purred, "Mmmmm..."

"oh babe, oh Dink... that's sooo good," she whispered as I reached around. Grabbing hold of her fantastic boobs as hand holds I started lunging into her. With short, sharp thrusts I penetrated her and we both watched in the mirror. Is there anything more captivating to watch than your cock sliding in an' out of your mom's pussy? My wife felt the same way as she lovingly whispered, "that is so beautiful."

For long loving moments I was able to maintain my pace, continually humping into her. We exchanged a series of kisses and I would squeeze and relax my gasp on her ample boobs. But soon our lust overruled our love.

Dropping my hands down, I took possession of her hips. Mom dropped her leg to the floor and leaned further forward by resting on her forearms, offering more of herself to me. At my reflection she silently yelled, "FUCK ME."

And that is exactly what I did!

"Urgh... Urgh... Urgh..." she grunted as I thrust my cock into her with long, strong powerful strokes. I savored the feel of my hips crashing upon her ass-cheeks, each time sending a shutter racing through her body and causing her boobs to wobble to an' fro."

"oh gaah... oh gaah... oh gaah," she whimpered as my hips loudly slapped upon her ass. You could hear the smack of wet sweaty flesh colliding and we both grunted our wanting desire and hungering approval.

"oh faah... aah... ck," she groaned as I tightened my hold on her hips and channeled my inner Hercules. I pounded upon my mother's pussy and from the glow on her body and look in her face she loved me for it.

"oh faah... aah... ck," she moaned as my cock hammered into her with the might of Thor. Her whole body was getting

slammed forward before retracting enough to take another blow from my war hammer.

"Oh gah...aaa...ddd," she was able to spit out as my body crashed onto, trying to crash through her body. With each thrust our bodies merged into one wet pool of lusting flesh.

"URRRrrr....aaahhh," I loudly groaned as I finally came. My cum fired out my cock in high-pressure relief. My cock pulsed and fired once, twice, three, four times. Then with an extra hump number five and six surged out to fill my mother's pussy.

Exhausted, I pulled out and as I rested my tired body by laying my heaving chest on her back my cock comfortably nestled between her butt-cheeks.

"Oh Dink, that was..." and my love struggled to find the words.

"Oh god Dink, that was..." and my wife found she didn't know how to describe it.

"Oh babe that was..." and my mom was unable to describe the indescribable.

Curling her head back we kissed the kiss of sated lovers and I felt her body shift beneath me. We both watched with amusement as her body helped describe what she couldn't. Slowly we watched a thick line of my cum dribble out her pussy to hang there momentarily before dropping. Then more of my skeet oozed out of her pussy to drop onto the carpet in fat thick globs. We both chuckled at another and another leaked out and hit the carpet with a soft plop.

When finally emptied, I pulled her upright and we stumble staggered onto the bed. It took all of our might to get under the covers. There we relaxed and exchanged a series sugar and Eskimo kisses. With a soft giggle she said, "I love you Dink."

"I love you too." In each other's arms we went to sleep, neither of us caring the lights were still on.

Hours later we awoke rested, sated and hungry yet neither of us felt like putting the necessary effort to get dressed. Instead we dined from the resort's full menu in our room simply wrapped in the resort's fluffy robes. Since, at that moment, we were all that mattered to be dining alone together seemed even more special.

Afterwards we went out onto the grand balcony and leaning on the wide stone railing we enjoyed the quiet, the solitude and the dark night sky. It was a clear night and the stars were sparkling. Since neither of us are astrologers we started pointing at a collection of stars and making up our own constellations.

TUESDAY

Since going to a resort/spa and not getting the spa treatment makes as much sense as going to a movie theatre but not

watching a movie that's what we did Saturday morning. We lazily spent hours getting pampered and enjoying the company of each other. After spending half the day being treated as a King and Queen, we retired to the sauna with a couple of bottles of water to relax some more -- if we could become any more relaxed! I had a towel wrapped across my waist while mom had one of those giant bath sheets wrapped across her upper chest that only hinted at the goodies she hid beneath it.

When we first entered the sauna, there were two other couples. One of the middle-aged couples we had arrived with and a pair of old-timers we hadn't seen before. By a seemingly unspoken agreement, Monica and I retreated to our own private corner. Climbing up to the second row of benches I sat against the wall and mom curled up against me. Hooking my arm over her shoulders I just automatically and almost absentmindedly began combing my hand through her hair and rubbing the back of her head and she snuggled up even closer to me as I closed my eyes and relaxed.

After only a few minutes the other couple we arrived with left. Then after another fifteen or 20 minutes the OT's left with a quiet grace and dignity. As we watched, the old man got up first and holding out his hand helped guide his wife's descend down from the top row of benches. For his efforts he was rewarded a polite kiss and before leaving they graced us with discreet wave goodbye. In its own way it was a poignant moment.

Now alone, Monica got up and tossed two ladles of water on the hot stones where it immediately sizzled. Returning she knelt down on the first row of benches between my legs, facing me. Reaching beneath my towel she tickled my sac before touching my cock. Instantly I went from flying at half-mast to standing at full attention.

"I wanna do something I've never done before," she said as she graced me with a wicked wanton smile. With a little bit of shifting she freed my cock from beneath my towel. Upon seeing her favorite toy she smiled even brighter. Stroking me a couple of times, she moistened her mouth by taking a sip of

water. Then without fanfare she lowered her mouth upon my cock.

Sucking on just the crown, she swirled her tongue around it and my mind swirled too. As her tongue danced upon my helmet, black spots danced before my eyes. To hold on, I grabbed a fistful of her hair and felt her body shake as she chuckled.

Taking another swig of water, she lowered her tasty lips back onto my cock and took more of me into her mouth. I felt her swirl the residual of her water around my cock and never before had a liquid felt so good. As her slicked tongue licked my underside I involuntarily groaned, "Oh god."

"Oh my god," I whimpered as her warm, wet lips slipped further down my cock until I felt my crown touch the back of her mouth. Holding there, her tongue slithered upon my undercarriage and her hand reached out and boldly took possession of my sac.

"Oh gaaawd," I cried after she again took another swig of water and now with her mouth and my cock properly moistened slipped her luscious lips down my shaft. She was able to gobble about half my rod before my helmet was touching the back of her mouth. Pausing there for a second, she then slid up my cock and an "Ooooh..." escaped me.

"Ooooh gaaawd," I moaned as with just my crown in her mouth her tongue performed wonders on it. When the tip of her tongue played across my pee-hole it was as if I was being pleasantly zapped with electricity.

"Oooorraaggghh," I emitted as my mom slid her loving lips down my rod.

"Oh god," I panted as my wife licked my underside.

Accompanied with a series of incoherent moans and groans of ecstasy, her raven haired head bobbed up an' down. Her lips slid along my cock with delirious results. My mind spun and my body swayed. I rode on a cloud of pleasurable bliss.

Only my hand holding fast to Monica's hair kept me grounded to this planet.

"Oh Jesus," I croaked, as at the bottom of her descend she pushed further and released that super erotic, highly sexual gagging sound. This she did once, twice, three times and a fourth.

"Oh god, oh god, oh god," I now pleaded as her bobbing increased in speed and intensity. Perhaps her hold on my sac informed her that I was close to cumming. Instead of easing things, her increased frenzy speeded things along.

"I'm gonna, I'm gonna, I'm gonna, I'm gonna..." and then I did cum. In one mighty and powerful blast I came. Yet mom was ready and waiting for it having paused at the top with only the crown in her mouth, her lips milked my shaft; and then running her hand up she cleaned my pipe of any residue.

When a 'pop', my cock was freed from her mouth with a glistening shine. Monica graced me with a big smile and then

took a couple of swigs of water. Adjusting my towel she returned my equipment back to its hidden position.

She climbed back onto the second row of benches and gave me a kiss on the cheek. Something confused me as this was far from the first time she had polished my chrome and so I asked, "What was it you never did before?"

With that delightful hearty laugh of hers she laughed and between laughs confessed, "That's the first time I ever did something like that in public were I could get caught." And she laughed some more. After her laughter subsided and another kiss on the cheek she said, "Ok, I got some things I need to do without you around. So go get scarce and I'll see you after dinner."

And that's what I did. Leaving the sauna, I dove into the small indoor pool next to it. The ice cold water instantly seized my body and cooled me quickly. Climbing out I was glad mom had already performed her wonders and that my wife wasn't there to see the major shrinkage.

After getting dressed I headed over to the golf course. Having never played before I had no interest in trying to learn today. Instead I headed over to the driving range. Getting my first bucket of balls, I learned that as a guest I was allowed an endless stream of them. Channeling my inner Happy Gilmore, I spent the afternoon whacking little white balls in every direction but straight and had a blast doing so.

Eventually I noticed the sun was starting to set and headed back. Having remembered that mom had said we'd met up after dinner, I took a seat in the outdoor portion of the dining hall. There I enjoyed a fine dinner of steak, potatoes and a couple of beers -- because now 21, I can do that!

Afterwards I headed back to our room where I discovered Monica had my birthday present waiting for me.

Entering our room, mom was sitting at the head of the bed surprisingly watching TV. Yet upon seeing me enter she grabbed something and slid down to the end of the bed.

Standing up she was wrapped in her big fluffy white robe yet I noticed she was wearing black sheer stockings and stiletto heels. Instantly my imagination started running and wondering what was going on underneath that robe.

"Happy Birthday," she merrily announced and handed me a small gift wrapped box, yet it was her I wanted to unwrap. However when I went to grab her, she jumped back and ordered me to "open it, open it."

Shredding the gift wrapping I discovered a small plain white box. From the weight of the box, I tried to guess what it must be and thought it must be jewelry. However as I lifted the top of the box mom laughed wickedly at my surprise. Between her laughs she was able to get out, "I was afraid you were gonna try to get your birthday gift a day early."

This was because in my hands I held a package of Astroglide Gel. Instantly I realized why my wife had dismissed me early. This wouldn't be the first time I got to enter her Forbidden Zone. Two other times I was allowed, the first time was when

we made a deal of if I got straight A's one college semester and then again on Christmas Eve under the Mistletoe. However each time Monica told me that part of the pre-game warm-ups involved her needing to 'clean out the garage so I could park my truck in there.' (I realized that's what she must've been doing this afternoon.)

I laughed with her and said, "I bet no son has ever got a better birthday gift." This time when I went to snatch her she let me take her into my arms. Kissing, I squeezed her tight and realized something felt different. If possible she felt even bigger up top. She must've sensed my discovery because she licentiously laughed even more, especially as I eagerly almost frantically untied her robe. Pulling it open, she let it fall off her shoulders.

This time my eyes actually did open so wide I felt air touching the top edges of my eyeballs and the corners of my eyelids stretched as my eyes bulged. Unlike a cartoon character my jaw did drop but my mouth just hang dumbly halfway open. The reason for this reaction was that Monica, my wife, my mom was wearing a black leather corset with dark pink cloth

panels on each side. Like a traditional corset, up top it was strapless and the cups only contained barely the bottom half of her boobs. In fact her breasts which are already magnificent were now tremendous, pendulous. They were truly epic. If I was a poet I would've been able to write a Magnus opus on their splendor.

Her waist was cinched in about three inches before her corset ended on the top of her flaring and now dramatically pronounced hips. While the bottom of her corset had garter straps connected to the tops of her stockings I appreciatively took in that my love wasn't wearing any panties and instantly grasped the meaning of that.

In one seductive move she cocked her right hip and rested her hand on said hip, "You like?"

It must've been animal instinct that drove me because I doubt I was able to think clearly. Taking the harlot into my arms I kissed her with a fevered lust. She must've felt the same way because she bit down onto my lower lip. Grabbing two

handfuls of her mighty ass-cheeks, I turned her towards the bed and with a push we both fell onto it.

With a grunt and a shriek we landed and we kissed with the fury of two love-starved savages. When she started pawing at my t-shirt, my instincts knew what to do next. As she pulled my shirt up I slithered down her body out of my shirt. Dropping off the edge of the bed I was between her legs. Yet my love wasn't where I needed her.

"WWWWhoaaa..." she shrieked as I grabbed her legs and in one mighty yank pulled her to where her ass was hanging off the edge of the bed. Draping her legs over my shoulders, it was time for me to get to work. Straightening up I leaned forward and there was my mother's pussy, there for the taking. I buried my face upon it and rubbing my face here, there and everywhere I smothered myself in it. Grabbing my head with both hands she whined, "Oh god, Oh god Dink,"

"Oh Dink, that's it, that's it, that's it Dink," she cried as I started lapping her pussy with long loving strokes of my tongue. In

her excitement, she was already drenched; and I eagerly drank her juices. Tasting my mom's liquor freed my mind to start thinking a bit. Hooking my arms over her thighs I shrugged my shoulders and pulled her even tighter to me. Now her ass and hips were basically suspended, held aloft by my body. By kneeling further upright and leaning forward it rotated her hips up and exposed more of her to me including her Forbidden Zone. She simply cried, "Oh babe, oh god Dink."

As my tongue made love to her pussy my hands were blindly, manically tearing at the smaller of my birthday presents. Savagely, I was finally able to tear the tube of Astroglide Gel from the packaging. Grasping it in my right hand, I reached up and around her thigh and hovering over her pelvis I chaotically squeezed out a ridiculous amount all over her pussy, her taint, her pubic mount and everywhere else. Basically in my wild excitement, I just squeezed that tube as forcefully and powerfully as I could and the result was the goo sprayed everywhere in a rush to shoot outta the tube. Monica laughed at me but yanked my head up; looking me earnestly in the eye she commanded, "Slow down there Superstar."

She held me like that until my hysteria past and the wildness in my eyes left. Pleased with what she now saw she asked, "Now you know how to do this right, right?"

"Good," she said after I nodded my head with a calm eagerness and she released her clutch. In the past my mother had done a stupendous job of teaching me how to properly sodomize a woman and now I would show her that I had learned my lessons well.

"Oh god, babe, that's it, that's it, that's it," she now softly whispered as I tenderly returned to licking her pussy, but now with short quick strokes up her slit and she quivered beneath me. As I did this I found a random glob of gel and smeared the tip of my left forefinger in it.

"Mmm, that's nice," she purred after I had collected the gel and was now tickling it onto her backdoor. Using the pad of my fingertip I smeared it in circles over and around her

sphincter. When I flicked my fingernail over her puckered opening she giggled at the ticklishness of it.

After scooping up another stray blast of goop from her thigh, I gently pressed my fingertip to her bunghole. Knowing the key to her backdoor was actually in front, I rode up to the top of her pussy and sucked her into my mouth. There I found her clit, focusing my attention on her pearl and stem. As I did so I pressed against her butt with an even, steady pressure and finally it relented and began to grant me entrance. Mom released a soft groan, "Urrrgh..."

After my fingertip had cleared her opening I paused at the first knuckle to allow her to adjust to my intrusion. I could hear her hard, heavy breaths but as I flicked her clit she also sighed her pleasure. Her ass released its tension on my finger and I slowly traveled up her pooper as she moaned, "Mmmm, that's it Dink nice and slow."

"Wow that feels good," she softly shouted as I held my finger fully up her butt and rolling my lips milked her clit. Pulling back out, she sighed her relief.

"That's it Dink, oh babe, oh Dink you're so good to me," Monica whispered as I lovingly fingered her ass and sucked on her pussy. "Oh god yes, oh yes."

"Urrgh...ooooh," she grunted and then moaned as I worked a second finger into her Forbidden Zone. I again paused after gaining entrance until she called out, "Ok, sweetie I'm ready."

"Urrgggh god Yes," she moaned and groaned as my fingers tunneled up her ass. Withdrawing I would try to V my fingers working on loosing and opening her up for what was to come next.

"Ooww...Wow...oh, wow babe that feels great," she now sighed and looking up I realized just how blessed I was. With my fingers in my mom's ass, my tongue on my wife's pussy, I saw

the Monica's boobs rose to such heights I couldn't see over them!

With sharp breaths of air she accepted my fingers and whimpered with happiness as I twirled my fingers inside her before withdrawing.

"Mmm...mmm...mmm," she now purred as my fingers were now able to slide easily up her well lubed, relaxed, and welcoming anus. "Ok Dink, I'm ready for you to start fucking my ass."

Has any man been given a better birthday present from his wife? What better gift can your mom give you?

Standing up, I instantly shedded my remaining clothing. Lifting up onto her elbows, Monica watched with debauched approval as I smeared Astroglide over my cock. I started pumping my shaft and she started licking her lips. "You like that huh?"

She proudly nodded with a lusty smile. Stepping between her, she leaned back and lifted her legs up to me. I grabbed hold of my wife's ankles V'ing her wide. My mother reached between and took hold of my cock. Monica guided it to her Forbidden Zone, I began to apply gentle but firm and steady pressure.

With her free hand she reached down and started rubbing her pussy. With a loud groan her backdoor opened to my steady pressure and stretched around my crown, accepting my invading her previously Forbidden Zone. As I watched her twirl atop her clit, I watched my cock disappear up her ass.

"URRRrrrrghhaaaaa..." she loudly groaned/sighed after my helmet cleared her backdoor door and it squeezed shut around my shaft. Breathing heavy she panted, "Oh god Dink... wow!"

"MMmmm... Urrgh... oh, oh, oh... god Dink, I so full," she breathily muttered as I was finally fully up my mom's ass and

I never felt more alive or more in love. My face must've shown that as Monica agreed, "I luv you too."

"Urgh... argh... argh... ah, ah, ah," she whimpered as I began to just hump against her. I wasn't withdrawing just pushing, grinding my body further into hers and that was exactly what she wanted, "Oh babe, that's it, that's it, that feels good."

"Oh yeah, oh yeah... Mmm... yeah," she cheered as I started to withdraw out her pooper only an inch or so before lunging back up her ass. With hard, sharp bucks of my hips she approved, "Yes, Yes, Yes,"

"Mmmm, yeah... Mmmm, that's it, that's it," she sung as I now extended my motion. Her ass had adjusted to my intrusion and her Forbidden Zone now welcomed my invasion. Holding my wife's legs high, I thrilled at watching my cock sliding in and out of my mom's ass. I was grunting from my efforts and Monica matched my grunts. You could hear the two of us grunting and that charged sucking sound of my cock working its way up and down her Hershey Highway.

"Oh god... yes, Yes, Yes," she softly screamed and my love and lust never ran higher. This was because as I fucked my mom's ass she was fingering her pussy and never was there a more picturesque sight. Monica lied on the bed with her epic boobs bouncing in rhythm while barely contained in her black leather corset. My wife sliding her middle finger into her gorgeous pussy. My cock tunneling in an' out of my mom's ass. All while holding her black stocked legs high and wide.

"Oh god Dink... Oh god Dink... Oh god baby," she loudly whispered as she thrust back on me as I thrust forward into her.

"Oh god babe... oh god babe..." she muttered as we both fucked her. She with her finger in her pussy, me with my cock up her ass.

"Oh god babe, you're gonna make me cum, you're gonna make me cum, you're gonna make me cum... Do you wanna see me cum? Do you wanna see me cum? Do you wanna see

me cum?" Of course I did so I didn't understand her question but I enthusiastically nodded my head yes.

"Yes, Yes, Yes... OH GOD YEEAAHHSSSS!!!," my mother roared with an intensity and decibel level I never heard before. And then the world shifted on its axis.

I suddenly understood why she had asked if I wanted to see her cum. I suddenly comprehended why she was thundering her excitement. Because as her orgasm struck, she came like I never saw before. She climaxed in a clear and visible way as a stream of thin silvery fluid sprayed from her pussy to wash over my groin.

So thunderstruck was I that I came immediately. No tensing up, no final last thrust, no last heave -- I just ejaculated as my mother's cum washed over me. As her cum washed over me, I returned the favor by firing my cum up her ass. As her fluids sprayed me, I shot mine up her rectum. Even with me getting my pipe cleaned this morning, my cum continued on even after she finished hers. I shot four, five, six thick powerful

sperm missiles and then I fired a few more thinner longer sprays of cum before my lava flow flooded out in such a rush that I even felt my stomach muscles constrict as my body squeezed tight to pump out every last drop of my essence.

Finished I dropped her legs and we both simply muttered, "Wow!"

In both a graceless and graceful motion, I fell forward and braced my arms around my love. We kissed, and kissed some more. "Wow, that was incredible," one or both of us said. After a moment, mom schooched her butt up onto the bed and then shimmied back to the pillows. I climbed up onto the bed and laid there next to her. We tenderly petted each other between our sugar kisses and pushed each other's sweat slicked hair off each other's faces.

We laid there enjoying our drowsy post-orgasmic bliss. After a while, recovered mom climbed off the bed saying, "I need a shower."

'I'll join you."

"Ok, but first call downstairs," with an amused and content laugh she added, "I think we need new bedding." In the bathroom I discovered mom's third birthday present. Sitting in a silver bucket of ice was a bottle of champagne.

And so as we lazed in the hot-tub and drank the bubbly we heard housekeeping come in and replace the bedding. We silently laughed to each other as we listened; yet housekeeping must've been experienced to such sights as they just simply quietly remade the bed, vacuumed and cleaned the room before going upon their way.

WEDNESDAY

Having gone a few days of not exercising I was feeling that sluggish off-ness you get when you miss your workouts. That morning I dove into the resort's huge pool and started chugging the laps off. At first I was stiff and had to focus hard to find a rhythm but after four or five laps I finally found my

groove. Henceforth, I was able to start clicking off the laps and feeling better as I went.

After what I'd have guessed was a good 45 minutes of continuous hard swimming I was winded and started cooling off by just cruising. It was then I noticed this little sweetie relaxing in the little alcove where the water is heated. I decided to head over in that direction. Upon reaching the alcove, and the sweetie, I was greeted with a smile that warmed my heart and caused a stirring in my loins.

Monica was relaxing in the heated water. She was wearing a simple black bikini that displayed her luscious body. The top had tall but narrow triangles covering her boobs yet she still displayed an amazing amount of cleavage and even some side boob!

As I approached and stepped over the little knee-wall that separates the alcove and the main pool, mom pinched her nose and dipped under the water. For a few second her hair splayed out in a fan floating on the surface before sinking

down. My wife re-emerged and using both hands pushed the water off her face and slicked back her hair.

"Hey sweetie, feelin' good?" she smiled and kissed me hello. Holding her lips to mine I discovered they tasted sweet and fruity, although I couldn't identify the exact flavor. After a few more quick sugar kisses she giggled, and sitting on a submerged ledge, leaned back against the pool wall hooking her arms over the edge. The effect was that her splendid breasts now floated on the surface seeming to wanna escape her now glistening black bikini top.

"Right now I feel better than any other man," and with a wink she smiled even brighter. Sitting on the ledge across from her, I matched her pose and spread my legs out to rest on either side of her. For long moments we just enjoyed each others company and the quiet. Mom started chuckling and with my questioning look she cheekily announced, "I'd like to fuck you right here."

I was taken back a bit by her crassness -- Monica isn't one to drop the f-bomb in general conversation, to describe our love-making as fucking, nor is she the type to risk having sex in public --yesterday morning notwithstanding. I looked around and saw a few people doing their own thing but mostly thought it was outta the question. Sensing my thoughts, she just simply stated in a good humor, "No."

After a few minutes the young trophy wife, we had arrived with, descended the stairs of the balcony and approached us wrapped in her white robe. "Mind if I join you's?"

Monica waved her hand in a simple gesture but graced it with a broad and welcoming smile that said, 'please go right ahead.'

Blondie dropped her robe and try as I might I knew my eyes opened wide as I drank in the sight. Fortunately my wife was doing the same and looking quickly at me she gave me a chuckled huff and a wink that said, 'yeah I see that too.' This was because after the blonde dropped her robe we saw that

she was wearing a white string bikini that highlighted her form.

I would've guessed she was about 27 -- maybe a little older, maybe a little younger. Stepping out of her heeled sandals, I would say her height was about 5'7 and if barely weight 110 pounds. This was because she had long thin well-shaped legs. Her abs were tight and well-defined -- in fact I realized I was jealous that her abs were better than mine. I work hard on my 6-pack which likes to barely peek out beneath my flesh. Hers was clearly visible. Above that she was packing two large grapefruits held in by her top.

She slipped into the water and sat on the ledge on my left and my mom's right. "Hi, I'm Jeanette," she announced.

"Hi, I'm Monica and this is my husband Dink," and we all shook hands. Jeanette looked quickly and appraisingly at me, whether it was because of my nickname, being Monica's husband or because of my physique and assorted tats I couldn't say. However, I realized she quickly blew me off to

covertly check out my mom. We all leaned back and enjoyed the warm water; and I secretly watched Jeanette subtly check out my wife who was unaware any of this was happening.

"Monica, can I ask you a personal question?" Jeanette asked breaking the pleasant silence.

"Umm, yeah I guess," she answered with a hint of awkward nervousness.

"How old are you?" the trophy wife asked and my wife lied answering, "I'm 42."

Perhaps reading the vibe Jeanette explained in a slightly embarrassed voice, "Oh no please, I don't mean any insult. I'm just wondering if you ever had any work done. You're so beautiful and those (nodding her chin to indicate Monica's breasts) are so incredible I'm wondering what you've had done, that's all."

Mom's eyes opened wide in surprise and her voice sounded it even more, "You think I've had plastic surgery?!" and she enjoyably laughed. "No, I've never done any of that but thank you for thinking so." With another laugh she asked, "What about you?"

In a casual non-embarrassed voice Jeanette answered, "Well let's see. I had my nose sculpted [which surprised me because I hadn't thought so]. I've had lipo a few times to help lose those last few pounds and of course these," she said looking down at her own chest. Seeing my mom's curious look she elaborated, "I got them first done four years ago. I was then a 32A, I mean I was so flat I didn't even need to wear a bra. So my first implants bumped me up to a B cup but a few months later I had those implants replaced with larger ones. Then last year I had my last surgery to where I'm now a 34D but still I'm nowhere's close to you and you're all-natural... (with a laff) I'm jealous."

"How's it feel to have implants? I mean is it awkward, can you feel them?" my mom asked with a curious voice.

"At first you notice because suddenly they are there," Jeanette said holding her hands in front of her chest. "But after a while they settle and you get used to them. Do you wanna feel 'em?"

I watched in surprise as my mom slid over close and reaching out, boldly took Jeanette's tits in her hands and I had a major stiffie. I watched as Monica cupped and squeezed Jeanette's tits and saw that my mom's hands covered about half of her boobs. "See, how do they feel?"

"Wow, I'm surprised. They're a lot different than I thought. I can't feel the edges of implants, plus they are soft and heavy. They almost feel real." And she continued to inspect them. Finally Jeanette asked, "May I?"

Dropping her hands, mom almost arrogantly thrust out her chest. Watching another woman handling my wife's boobs was mesmerizing and my cock ached so bad it took all of my willpower not to start stroking it right there. Jeanette pushed them up, squeezed them together, squeezed them

individually, bounced them and then I thought she was about to go motorboating in my mom's boobs.

Instead she shocked both me and Monica by brashly and forcefully planting her lips upon my wife's! I saw mom's body stiffen and she pulled back. Jeanette quickly apologized, "Oh god I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry I shouldn't have done that, it's just that..."

"But aren't you married?" my mom oddly asked. Of all the possible issues and concerns this was the one that bothered her? I quickly thought that I still do not understand women.

"Oh don't worry," Jeanette laughed. "My husband lets me play with other girls. So as long as your husband doesn't mind only watching, it's cool."

My wife looked at me and asked, "So what do you think?" I just simply shrugged silently saying, 'Are you kiddin' me?' and she told Jeanette, "Well we are here to celebrate his birthday, so why not give him an extra birthday present."

They both laughed and looking at each other and at me they kissed again, this time my mom was Waaaay more enthusiastic. Watching them kiss my cock throbbed so hard that I felt my stomach ache in longing. After a couple of more kisses Jeanette said, "How bout we go up to your room?"

Like the Flash, I bounded out of the pool and being a gentleman gave them each a hand out. Mom took my hand and after exiting the pool gave me a kiss whispering, "Happy Birthday, I luv you."

Being a gentleman I let them go first up the stairs, which also allowed me to check out each of their rears since they only had towels draped over their shoulders. Jeanette had a tiny-hiney that was on full display in her barely there thong while mom's nice caboose shined with moisture nicely cupped by her wet black bikini bottom.

Entering our room through the French doors, mom and Jeanette tossed their towels on the dresser and sat on the far

side of the big queen size bed as I took a seat in one of those over-stuffed accent chairs with the matching foot-rest (or ottoman to be formal) getting ready to watch the show. However it was obvious that now in the room, mom felt awkward, embarrassed, stiff, ill-at-ease and a bunch of more adjectives meaning close to the same thing.

"This is the first time you've done this," Jeanette stated and whether she meant being with another woman or doing this in front of another person, I don't know because for Monica they were both true and she nervously shook her hand. Shifting, Jeanette wrapped her left leg around and behind my wife while her right leg stayed on the floor. Now kinda three quarters behind her, using her right hand she said, as she combed her fingers through Monica's damp hair, "The first thing is to relax and have fun." And mom turned her head to face her. Jeanette softly kissed her and in a soft voice, "That's all this is, is fun."

Kissing her again, she held her lips to her for a few more seconds and her left hand reached up and began combing Monica's long black hair. "The second thing is don't try and

compare this with being a man. Look at your husband," and with her right hand she pointed at me, "He's a big, strong young stud. Look at me, I'm just a tiny thing. There's no way we could compete. It's like trying to compare apples and oranges, besides both fruit they are totally different." Taking mom's chin in her hand, she quickly kissed my wife's lips, my mom's cheek and my lover's ear. "Instead enjoy the difference."

Monica, still nervous, quickly shook her head in understanding yet you could see her body loosen a bit. Jeanette wisely reached over to the nightstand and grabbed a hair-brush. She began brushing my mom's hair and like every woman the world over Monica loves to get her hair brushed. Closing her eyes, she just rolled her head along as Jeanette gently stroked her hair. After a few strokes Jeanette softly said, "See how different even this is? I bet your loving husband loves to play with your hair as much as you like for him to."

"Yeah but this feels SO good," Monica softly purred with her eyes closed, her head tilted forward and her body gently swaying. It was such an enticing sight that I had to resist

touching myself as I would've popped off right there, especially when she sighed a loud, "Mmmmm..."

Jeanette just continued to brush her hair slowly drying it and giving it life. Using her left hand she started styling mom's hair using just her fingertips but she also tenderly caressed Monica's cheek, neck and ear using the barest tips of her ring and pinkie fingers. You could see that mom was now leaning back, resting her body upon Jeanette's. I watched this sensuous seduction and knew she had my wife enchanted and entrapped.

A couple of times I saw my mom lay her head back with her mouth hanging partly open; and having seen that look before with me, I knew she was silently begging to be kissed. At first I thought Jeanette missed the signal but then realized her intention was to build my mother's desire even higher. The third time mom laid her head back, Jeanette rose up and being almost directly over Monica she kissed her dominantly and held her lips to my mom's. I saw their jaws move and realized their tongues were embracing, their bodies swayed as they moved as one.

"Wow," Monica said as they ended their kiss. Still hovering over her, Jeanette combed her fingers through her hair, running them back over her head and I realized they were looking only at each other. Their world had shrunk to only them. A streak of jealousy ran through me. Part of me wanted to announce my presence yet my little head won this argument by yelling, 'Shut up Fool! Just watch the show!'

Jeanette leaned down and kissed her again. This time it was Monica who was the dominate as she grabbed Jeanette and pulled her down to her. In fact she pulled her down and around to where Jeanette had to shift her body to where she was now sitting on Monica's lap -- all of this happening without breaking their lip-lock until Jeanette finally sat upon my mother's lap.

Unfinished...